THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

LITERATURE. ACCOMPLISHMENTS. ARTS. AMUSEMENTS. NEWS.

VOL. XI. M. M. BALLOU, (CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS. BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 19, 1856. TERMS, $2 00 PER ANNUM. 5 CENTS SINGLE. No. 16.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

ELVIE THE FOUNDLING:

—OR,—

THE HOMICIDE OF HAZLEHURST.

A TALE OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

CHAPTER I.

THE PESTILENCE AND THE COMPACT.

Though early in the evening, the streets of one of the most populous portions of New Orleans were silent and deserted. Only here and there, the rays of a solitary lamp streaming from some window pierced the gloom. The yellow fever, endemial there, as in many other portions of the globe situated in the lower latitudes, had seldom commited such fearful ravages, as at the present time. Whole families had in many instances been swept away, and most of the inhabitants, unless prevented by duties which were imperative, or were unconstrained by the ties of kindred and affection, to remain at the risk of their own lives, to watch the last moments, and if possible alleviate the sufferings of those dear to them, were hastening to leave the city.

Nearly concealed from view by the shadows which brooded over one of the narrower streets of the infected district, a man glided swiftly and stealthily along, till he reached the point where it terminated in one that was much broader, and lined on either side, by large and handsome houses. Here he paused in the attitude of listening, while at the same time he sent a searching glance up and down the street.

"They come," he murmured to himself, as a faint, rumbling sound broke the silence. It was not long before a dead cart, with two men walking by its side, could be dimly seen in the distance. As it drew nearer, the man fell back into the dark shadow of a portico, where he stood till it had passed by. He then commenced following, though at such a distance as not to attract notice.

On one side of the street, there was only a single window that was not dark. From this, which was in the second story of a large and magnificent mansion, shone a faint light. When he saw the cart stop close to the front entrance of this stately dwelling, his heart throbbed wildly, though with pleasure, rather than with any painful emotion, as might have been seen by his countenance, had it not been concealed by "the mask of night."

Having waited till the men had entered, he approached cautiously, and ascended the broad marble steps, where for a minute he stood and listened. He could hear the voices of the two men, which proceeded from the chamber where burnt the light, speaking in those low and suppressed tones, which denote the awe inspired by the presence of the dead.

"It is strange," said one of them, "that the rich Mr. Willoughby should have remained in the city so long after the fever broke out."

"He remained on account of his wife," said the other. "I've been told that she was from the North, and among the very first to be taken sick. He wouldn't trust her to the care of servants, as many of them having already fled, he was afraid that the rest would follow their example. Besides, being accustomed to the climate, he didn't fear for himself."

They were now heard moving to the head of the staircase, by the man who stood on the threshold watching and listening. He stepped quickly back behind the door. They stopped when they reached the head of the stairs, and one of them returned for the light, which he so placed as to enable them to see to descend. The lid of the coffin remained unclosed, and the white brow, shaded by rich masses of raven hair, of him they were bearing to his last resting-place, was revealed by the rays of the lamp, but the rest of the face was shrouded from view, by snowy folds of fine linen. As he who was concealed behind the door beheld the gleam of the marble forehead, he involuntarily shrunk back further, and veiled his eyes with his hand.

"There were few worthier men, than Mr. Willoughby," said one of the men, as they were descending the doorsteps. "There are a good many that will miss him."

In a minute one of them re-entered, ascended the stairs, and extinguished the light. He then left the house, closed the door and locked it.

"She's either dead and has been carried off, or they've overlooked her," said the man, half audibly.

He remained where he was till the rumbling of the cart-wheels grew faint in the distance. For a moment, he was awe-struck by the darkness and silence of the deserted mansion, and was conscious of a kind of superstitious dread. It was only for a moment, and smiling at what he considered a weakness, he bolted the door so that no one might enter, even if possessed of the key, and then crept up stairs. After some trouble, he found the lamp, which he lit, and placed in such a manner, that it threw its light into a spacious apartment elegantly furnished. He entered and carefully drew the curtain over the only open window, so that no light could be seen on the outside. He found the lamp which he had left near the door, flickering and ready to expire, and barely succeeded before it went out, in lighting a wax candle, several of which, in large silver candlesticks, stood on a table.

After lighting it, he for a few moments stood silent and thoughtful in the centre of the room, with his back turned towards two portraits which hung against the wall. One was that of a man twenty-five years old. His complexion was dark, and his finely cut features were expressive of those noble and generous traits, which win confidence and esteem. The other represented a girl of seventeen, with large, brown eyes, which seemed to emit sunny beams from beneath their long lashes, while a profusion of chesnut curls clustered round her smooth white forehead, and fell in rich masses to her shoulders. Arousing himself from the reverie into which he had fallen, he turned and stepped to a door that opened into an adjoining apartment. He carefully avoided raising his eyes to the portraits, and yet, after he had placed his hand on the door-knob, as if in obedience to some irresistible impulse, he turned back and approached them.

First he held the candle so that the light fell full on the features, whose dark beauty and lofty and noble expression were seldom equalled. As he gazed his brow darkened, and yet there was a smile on his lips—one of those repulsive smiles expressive of gratified revenge, or some other passion equally base. As he turned to the other portrait, and caught a look of the beaming and sunny eyes, which seemed looking into his, a change passed over his countenance. Moisture came to his eyes, and his lips grew tremulous.

"Ginevra," said he, almost unconsciously giving voice to what was in his mind, "had you accepted my passionate love, or even turned less coldly from me, I should not have been what I am now. You could have won me from my evil ways—you could—" He quickly hushed his voice, for just then he heard a noise, though it was so slight, he could not make out whence it proceeded.

Again he went to the door, from which he had turned to look at the portraits. This time he opened it, and disclosed a room fitted up as a lady's boudoir. A cradle, resembling in shape some gracefully formed sea shell, supported by the dimpled hands of two laughing Nereides, stood near an open window. From a canopy of ivory, so exquisitely carved that the roses which wreathed it might have been mistaken for natural flowers, swept a drapery of lace, almost as impalpable as those fairy webs, often seen spread by the wayside of green and flowery lanes, sparkling with morning dew. Eagerly approaching the cradle and bending over it, he beheld a child a year old. The fresh red lips, and blooming cheeks, as it lay wrapped in tranquil slumber, showed that the destroying angel, before whom had fallen, first its mother, then its faithful nurse, and last of all its father, had passed it unharmed. Many of the servants had also died, and those who were spared, had fled panic-stricken.

All this was known to him who stood in that gorgeously furnished room, and now, beautiful as a flower, and almost as easily crushed, the only obstacle between him and the coveted wealth of his reputed half-brother, was at his disposal. It needed but little more than the weight of his hand to descend on the white temple, which, with its azure veins, gleamed through the rings of soft, golden hair, which lay lightly upon it, to change its rosy slumber to that deeper sleep which knows no waking. For a minute or more, he stood irresolute. He could not nerve himself for so dark a deed, nor did he dare to suffer the child to remain; for if found where she now was, she would be recognized, and then, there would be an end to his golden dreams. Finally, he came to the conclusion, that he might without much risk, dispose of her in some way, without staining his hands with blood; for when health once more returned to the city, and business and pleasure resumed their natural channels, if not found, it would be taken for granted, that she had shared the fate of her parents.

Suffering her to remain where she was, undisturbed, he returned to the room he had first entered, and unlocking one of the drawers of a cabinet with a key which he took from his pocket, he removed thence a package of papers, and a large roll of bank bills. Having secured them about his person, he re entered the boudoir, and succeeded in so carefully removing the child from the cradle, as not to wake her. He then extinguished the light, and drew back the curtain he closed at his entrance, so as to have the benefit of the light of the moon, which had risen just above the roofs of the houses. He had intended to leave before the moon was up, but he knew that there was no great danger of encountering any one in those infected streets, except those whose duty it was to remove the dead, and these he could easily elude. He nevertheless took the precaution to throw a dark silk shawl over the child, to prevent her white garments from readily catching the eye.

Though the door had been locked on the outside as he had a master key to that, as well as to the cabinet, from which he took the money and papers, in a minute more he was in the open air, standing on the broad, marble steps. Having made himself certain that there was no one in sight, he descended the steps, and proceeded rapidly in a direction opposite to the one he came. Once he thought he heard footsteps behind him and looked round; but the shadows cast by the buildings lay dark and deep on that side of the street, and he was unable to fully satisfy himself whether any one was really following him or not.

Fast as he had been walking he now accelerated his speed, and purposely avoiding the broader streets, threaded the narrow lanes and alleys, till at last he reached the outskirts of the city. It was not long before he stood on the margin of one of these numerous bayous, which afford the means of navigation to every part of the state. By the side of this, he walked nearly a mile, when he came in sight of a small house, the only habitation near. A little farther on a steamer was lying about midway of the stream. Through the open door of the house came the faint glimmer of fire-light, and a woman could be seen moving about the room.

At this moment the child woke and began to cry. He was strongly tempted to hush its cries beneath the waves of the stream which rolled at his feet, but the thought of that lovely and youthful face, which an hour before had smiled upon him from the wall, saved him from the guilt of so dreadful a crime. She soon ceased to cry of her own accord, and softly murmured the name of Minnie, thinking no doubt, that she was in the arms of her nurse. Shortly afterward she again dropped to sleep.

There was no time for hesitation. Approaching the house so near that he could see into the principal room, through a window, he seized a moment when the woman's back was turned, and placed the child on the doorstep. He had fallen back into the shadow of some trees, and had proceeded some thirty or forty rods, when he was confronted by a man, whom of all others, he least wished to meet.

"Harder, is it you?" he demanded.

"Yes, Mr. Villars."

"I've thought more than once," said he, angrily, "that some one was dogging my steps, and now I suspect I was not mistaken. You've been following me!"

Harder smiled, but made no answer.

"Have you, or have you not been following me? Answer me!"

"I have, and should 'ave told you so, without your asking, if you'd gi'n me a chance. I would 'ave informed against you, on'y I thought I could make more out of you, than I could if I spread the matter abroad. Now if it suits you, I'll keep your secret, and in return, make you my banker."

"How much will satisfy you?"

"Two hundred dollars will do now, I s'pose, as well as more, for somehow, money al'ays would slip through my fingers. When that's gone, I shall call for more. My way is, to come to a fair understanding without mincin' the matter."

"It is my way, too; and for that reason, I must know the worth of the secret you propose keeping for me. I may not set so high a value on it as you do."

"Well, Mr. Villars, it will be easy for you to judge when I tell you that Mr. Willoughby, your half-brother, who died a few hours ago, was the father of the child, you just now left on John Hunsdon's doorstep. Of course, as long as that lives, you've no more right to the property left by Willoughby, said to be worth more'n half a million, than I have. Howsomever, if you've a mind to allow me a kind of pension, I'll agree to say nothin' about it. But remember that I shall make it my business to keep a sharp eye on the little youngster, that no harm comes to her."

"She'll have an admirable guardian."

"That's the truth, Jim Villars, and there'll be somethin' to make me so."

"Have you anything more to say?"

"Nothin', on'y that I shall expect enough to make me comfortable."

"How much will that be?"

"Can't tell. Sometimes 'twill be more, sometimes less, 'cordin' to circumstances. All I ax now is the two hundred I mentioned. Maybe 'twill last me two or three months, and maybe it won't."

"Well, I can't give it to you now. You know where you may find me. Call any time between ten and twelve, and it will be ready."

This was said in a calm, even tone of voice, though, as Harder could see by the unclouded light of the moon, fierce and angry passion darkened his countenance.

"You'll be sure to see me," Harder replied, "and now I'll relieve you of my company, for I s'pose such a respectable gentleman as you are, would be ashamed to be seen in company with Jack Harder."

"If he wa'n't a coward, and I hadn't a quick eye and a strong hand, 'twould be hardly safe for me to trust myself alone with him," said Harder, as he stood and looked after Villars, till he was out of sight.

Shortly after Villars and Harder had parted, a boat in which were several men, approached the shore, nearly opposite the house, so as to permit one of their number to land.

"Good-night," said he, who sprang on shore, to which those left behind responded, and then heading the boat up stream, where lay the steamer, they again bent to their oars, their monotonous dash breaking pleasantly on the silence, while the moon wove a chain of light along the parting waves.

He who had landed was a young man of five-or-six-and-twenty. He wore the garb of a laborer, and with quick, springy steps, as if he carried a light heart beneath his coarse jacket, he struck into a path which wound in the direction of the house.

"Are you almost tired of waiting for me, Matty?" said he, in a cheerful voice, as he drew near the door. "But what have you here?" he inquired, starting, and then bending over the child which still lay quietly sleeping.

The voice of John Hunsdon brought his wife to the door, as soon as she had finished lighting a lamp, who, at sight of the child, was quite as much surprised as himself.

"Didn't you know it was here, Matty?" he inquired.

"No, indeed. Did you find it here, on the doorstep?"

"Yes."

"How could it have been left here, without my knowing it? I haven't been out of sight of the house a minute to-day."

"It might easily have been left after dark, without your knowing it."

"Well, I am going to please myself, by thinking that some good fairy has left it, such as I've read of in story-books. Give it to me, John, and we'll go into the house and see how it looks."

"It must have belonged to rich people, anyhow," said John, as Matty carried it to the light.

"Yes, such fine lace and rich embroidery couldn't be afforded by the poor. But the clothes are none too handsome for her. Don't you think, John, she looks like our little Elvie we left sleeping in New England beneath the violets?"

"Those soft curls look like hers, certainly," replied Hunsdon.

"Yes," said Matty, gently brushing them back from the pure, white forehead.

At the touch of Matty's hand, light and soft as it was, the child awoke. She looked up to the fair and pleasant face bent over her, and raising her little dimpled arms, clasped them round Matty's neck.

"How strange, John. I expected she'd be afraid of me, and cry."

"It would have been much more strange, I think, if she *had* been afraid of such a good and handsome face as yours is, Matty. I never knew a child to be afraid of you yet."

"Come, John, we'll have our supper now. It has been ready for some time. This little stranger may be glad of some, too."

"How should you like to return to our New England home?" said Hunsdon, when they had seated themselves at the table.

"A great deal better than to stay here, if you think it will be as well for us."

"I had some conversation to-day, with a gentleman belonging to Massachusetts, who has purchased the place that Squire Russell used to own, and when he found I owned a house and some land close to his, and that I understood how land should be cultivated, he said if I would go back to the North, and oversee his farming work, he would give me two-thirds as much as I can earn here, and allow me time to cultivate my own land into the bargain."

"And what did you tell him?"

"That I would think of his offer, and speak to my wife about it."

"You knew that I should make no objection."

"Yes, I knew pretty well that you wouldn't, yet I wasn't certain, as you had never expressed any wish to return."

"For all that, I've thought a good deal about it, for a few weeks past. I knew that you had earnt enough to meet the last payment due for our snug little farm, and would have enough left to purchase what stock would be needed. Since the fever broke out in the city, I've thought more about it, than ever; for though I suppose we are at a safe distance, I can't think that such a low, level place as this can be as healthy as the rocky soil and breezy hills of New England. But we've had so much to take up our attention and to talk about, that I forgot to ask you how you liked this salad? It is from seed I brought from home."

"It is capital—good enough for the president."

"Look, John—see how eagerly she drinks this milk, and how fast she holds the cup with her tiny hands. Poor thing, she must have been without eating a long time, I think. The more I reflect on it, the more singular it seems to me, that a child with such rich friends as hers must have been, should be left at the door of such a poor looking house as this."

"Her parents, I have no doubt, were among those who have died of the fever."

"And you think she then fell into the hands of those who wished to be rid of her?"

"Yes, that is what seems more probable than anything I can think of."

"It was no good fairy that left her then."

"No, some fiend in human shape, it is more likely."

"We must guard her with the more care then."

"You speak as if you meant to keep her."

"I've never once thought of doing otherwise—but if you're not willing—"

"I am perfectly willing. I don't know what else we can do with her, unless we carry her to the almshouse."

"I couldn't bear to do that. Only see how earnestly she raises her dark, bright eyes to mine, as if she were silently pleading for me to keep her."

"Well, we will keep her, Matty. We will consider *that* as settled."

"We must give her a name then. What shall we call her, John?"

"How should you like Elvie?"

"Better than any other in the world."

"Elvie let it be then. And now let us speak again of the proposition made by the gentleman from Massachusetts, for I must give him his answer to-morrow."

"You didn't mention his name—what is it?"

"Crawford."

"Did you like his appearance?"

"Yes, I've seldom seen a person who pleased me better."

"Then why not conclude to go?"

"I think I shall, and if you can get ready in season, we will take passage in the same boat that he is going in."

"I could be ready to go to-morrow, were it necessary."

In three days from the time of the foregoing conversation, John Hunsdon and his wife, and their adopted child, were on their way to their native State.

CHAPTER II.

AN UNWELCOME DISCLOSURE.

Villars, who was without hesitation acknowledged the heir of the late Mr. Willoughby, as soon as health was restored to the city, was daily seen on 'change, and it began to be whispered, that though he had formerly been a reckless spendthrift, he now promised to make good the place of his brother. As far as could be ascertained, he no longer visited the gambling-saloons, or other haunts of vice and dissipation. Though a bachelor, he had taken possession of the elegant mansion which had been the residence of Mr. Willoughby.

One day, several weeks after the events which have been related, as Villars was pursuing his way along one of the busiest and most crowded of the thoroughfares, he was accosted by a woman, whose dress though clean and whole, indicated the poverty of the wearer. She must have been more than forty years of age, for the black hair, smoothly parted over her clear, olive brow, was threaded with silver. Her features were finely cut, and her eyes which were large and lustrous, and dark as midnight, were in her milder moods peculiarly beautiful. Her beauty was now marred by a pale, haggard look, expressive of both mental and physical suffering. Villars who had caught a glance of her, a single moment ere they stood face to face, intended to pass on without appearing to notice her. In this he was defeated. Stopping short, she placed herself before him, and firmly grasped his arm. He angrily endeavored to shake her off, but found that he could not, without having recourse to a greater degree of violence than he cared to display in a place so public.

"Why should you so studiously avoid me?" said she, in a subdued voice, so that the street-passengers need not hear her. "All I ask of you, is money enough to buy food and fuel for Maria, till I'm a little stronger, and able to earn them."

Villars made no answer to this appeal, except by taking several pieces of silver coin from his purse, which, instead of putting into her hand, she had held out to receive them, he dashed upon the pavement. She gave him a look which haunted him the whole day afterward, and loosening the grasp of her fingers on his arm, without deigning to cast a single look at the silver, which lay glittering at her feet, with a proud, even a majestic air, she passed slowly and calmly on.

Nearly eleven o'clock in the evening, as Villars in his dressing-gown, sat smoking an Havana, with his elbow leaning on a table, where set a nearly finished bottle of wine, the door was softly opened, and the woman, who in the morning had met him in the street and asked him for money, entered. He sat with his back towards the door, so that he did not see her, till she had turned the key, removed it from the lock, and put it in her pocket.

"James Villars," she then said, in a low voice.

He started, and sprang to his feet.

"Why are you here?" said he. "Because you were my nurse when I was a child, must you forever be at my elbow?"

"I've come to tell you a secret, which I intended to carry to the grave with me, had it not been for the way you treated me this morning. Now, you shall hear it."

"I wish to hear no secrets, so be off."

"Not till I tell you that the mother of Merton Willoughby, who after her first husband's decease married James Villars, was not your mother."

"That is a story too idle for me to believe."

"It is one I can prove, any day I choose."

"Who is my mother, then? Perhaps I may have the honor of calling you by that name?"

"No, you wont have the honor, nor I the disgrace. I would that I could say that there existed no tie of kindred between us."

"Then I have the honor of being related to you?"

"Yes, and 'tis an honor, though you refer to it with such disdainful irony. Poor as I am, noble blood flows in my veins. My father was a hidalgo of Spain, whose ancestors were rich and powerful."

"Will you please to enlighten me, as to the degree of affinity I am entitled to claim to this same hidalgo, descended from such high and mighty ancestors?"

"He was your grandfather."

"A son of his then, who inherited his dignity and wealth, I am to understand, was my father?"

"No, his eldest daughter was your mother. In an evil hour she married one beneath her, and every way unworthy of her. They came to this country, and for her sake I came with them. In a few years her husband died, leaving two children, a son and daughter. You as the reputed son of Mr. and Mrs. Villars, lived in affluence; the daughter shared the hard-earned bread of her mother and me."

"But how came I to be their reputed son?"

"They had a son, and I was his nurse. He died suddenly, when only two days old. It was in the night, and I was alone with him. I knew that his father would have been willing to sacrifice half of his fortune, to save his life. While I was considering how I could best break the heavy news to the parents, I was assailed by a sudden temptation. It was to conceal the death of the child, and give my sister's son who was only a few days older, a home of affluence and splendor. I knew that I could accomplish it, without being detected, for the mother was very ill, and the father had been called away on urgent business, which would detain him several days. I gained your mother's reluctant consent. Your father troubled himself but little about any one, except himself, and being most of the time absent from home, imagined it was his own son, that he saw placed in an obscure grave."

"And you pretend, that you can prove all this?"

"I can prove that you were not the son of Mr. Villars."

"If I was not, I had the privilege of spending the property he left."

"But you will never have the privilege of spending what Merton Willoughby left, unless you consent to settle an annuity on your sister Maria."

"I will do no such thing. You are deceiving me."

"Father Jose, my confessor, will cure you of your incredulity, if you will seek an interview with him."

"I shall not be cured of it, as I shall not seek one."

"Well, we will let that subject rest, and speak of another. Merton Willoughby had a daughter—a child about two years old—what has become of her?"

"She died, it is supposed, at the time my brother and his wife died."

"You don't suppose so—neither do I."

"If she isn't dead, where is she? I was at my brother's bedside half an hour before he died, and neither saw nor heard anything of the child."

"But half an hour *after* he died, you saw her, and she was alive and well."

"Did an evil spirit tell you this?"

"No, I had no need to seek information from anything more evil than man; but from whatever source obtained, knowledge so valuable, if I keep it to myself, must be paid for. Your sister must and shall have what will keep her from suffering, while you who are not worthy to breathe the same air, are revelling in luxury."

"My resources are not so inexhaustible as you imagine them to be. I will, however, secure to your niece a small annual income—enough as you say, to keep her from suffering; but remember, that in return, if you meet me in the street, I am to be a stranger to you."

"The very condition I had it in my mind to exact from you. From one I have proved so base and ungrateful, I cannot but turn away with a sense of loathing. And yet, I can never forget that you are the child of a dear sister, who is at rest now, and when the time comes—for come it will—that you are sick, and without friends, and it may be in prison, with the shadow of a darker crime brooding over you than has yet stained your hands, and with an ignominious death staring you in the face, then will Julia Sandoval, at a moment when least expected, be at hand to minister to you."

"Why, like a bird of ill omen, do you croak that dark prophecy in my ears? Go now, and till that pleasant time comes, let me see you no more."

"But what are you going to allow Maria? It must be secured to her without delay."

"It shall. I will give directions to my lawyer to attend to it to-morrow. If I fail, you have my leave to torment me with your presence where and when you see fit."

"And to tell all I know. You may be certain that I sha'n't forget to do either;" and taking the key from her pocket, she unlocked the door and withdrew.

"I should like to know how many more there are, whose silence I've got to buy," said Villars, when she was gone. "At this rate, I shall soon be obliged to line so many dirty pockets with gold, there will be none left to line my own."

CHAPTER III.

ARRIVAL OF THE HUNSDONS AT THEIR NEW ENGLAND HOME.

As has already been mentioned, John Hunsdon and his wife, and their fairy gift, as they called little Elvie, were on their way to the North. The weather being most of the time fine, and the wind fair, they soon arrived in sight of the northern capital, though they were by the quarantine laws, subjected to a tedious delay before being permitted to land.

At last, however, one bright and breezy morning, they found themselves seated in a stage-coach (for railroads did not then as now intersect almost every part of the State), with their faces turned homewards. Mr. Crawford was a passenger in the same coach, and the Hunsdons, by their intelligence and unobtrusive manners, had already attained a high place in his estimation.

A four hours' drive would convey them to their old home, and when they had arrived within two or three miles of it, they did not pass a tree or house, which did not seem like an old friend. When at last, through the foliage of some fine shade trees, was seen the brown farm-house, to which Matty with reluctant heart had bid adieu two years previously, for the sunny South, her eyes were filled with tears, though it was easy to see that they were tears of joy. A letter which had a day's start of them, having been received, their arrival was expected. Miss Margaret Brownell, John Hunsdon's maternal aunt, stood at the front door of the farm-house ready to welcome them. To her during their absence, had been entrusted the keys, and at stated intervals, she had faithfully performed the task of airing the house, together with whole presses full of gay coverlets and soft, warm blankets which were not needed at the South. Even then, on the green hills which rose at a little distance, could be seen in picturesque groups the flocks whose snowy fleeces had furnished the material, which Matty's willing hands had assisted to convert into those articles, both useful and ornamental, and are the pride of the thrifty mistress of a New England household.

Miss Margaret Brownell was a tall, formal-looking woman of forty. She was, on the present occasion, dressed in what she called her "mourning calico," which was in perfect preservation, though Matty when only five years old could well remember having seen Miss Brownell wear it. Matty entertained a vague idea, that there were memories associated with this mourning calico, darker and sadder than those which entwine themselves with the honored dead; but her aunt uniformly repelled, rather than invited, any approach to either sympathy or confidence, as respected this, or any other subject connected with her earlier days, and as Matty was one of those who had too much delicacy to suffer her curiosity to be obtrusive, the secret, if any such there were, remained unrevealed.

It had been observed by those who were familiarly acquainted with Miss Brownell, that she seldom failed to wear this sombre dress, whenever she anticipated any peculiarly pleasant event, that—as was thought—the mournful associations which it could not fail to revive, might chasten and subdue those emotions of joy, which might otherwise be indulged to a degree that would so far overstep the limits of rational enjoyment, as to be sinful.

Her dark hair, threaded with silver, was nearly concealed by a prim cap, and over her dress was tied a linen apron of blue and white check, presenting a surface so smooth and glossy, as to bear ample testimony to the efficacy of starch and well-heated flat-irons, when judiciously applied. If Miss Brownell was really so ascetic in her notions, as to imagine it to be sinful to permit herself to enjoy too great a degree of happiness, there had not often been a time when there was more need of her subjecting herself to the penance of wearing the mourning calico; for her nephew was as dear to her as if he had been her own son; and Matty was one of those, as she had often been heard to say, whom no one could help loving. The days of their absence had been dark and dreary; no one knew how much so except herself.

When at last her nephew stood on the door-step, her hand clasped in his, her welcome was a silent one, for she knew that her emotion could not be repressed, if she attempted to speak. Matty was welcomed in the same way, but when the sweet and smiling face of little Elvie, as she extended towards her her dimpled hands, beamed upon her, a ray of such golden sunshine stole into her heart, as to dry the unshed tears with which her eyes were moist. Taking her in her arms, she said:

"There is a prophecy in my heart, that this child has brought with her a blessing which will abide evermore."

"So it seems to me," said Matty.

"A blessing," resumed Miss Brownell, "better than silver or gold, for if the fountain which lies deep in every human heart should at any time send forth bitter waters, her presence will be like the tree in the wilderness, which sweetened the waters of Marah. You know nothing of her kindred, so you told me in your letter."

"No, not a word. We left so suddenly and unexpectedly we had no time to inquire; and if there had been, it isn't likely it would have been of any use, as she must have been abandoned intentionally. John thinks that all her near friends, who must have been, if we may judge by her clothing, people of wealth, had most probably fallen victims to the fever."

"If her friends were ever so wealthy," said Miss Brownell, "I don't believe she would have found a better or happier home with them, than she will with you and John. I know of no woman," she murmured to herself, while her eyes followed Matty as she left the room, "of whom it can be said with more truth, that 'in her tongue is the law of kindness.'"

When the labors of the day were over, and twilight's rosy glow was fast yielding to the gray shadows of evening, several of the nearer neighbors came in to spend a half hour, and ask questions of the sunny land where the Hunsdons had recently been sojourners.

"I can hardly realize that you've been absent," said Mr. Wilmore, an intelligent farmer, "your home appears so exactly like the quiet and peaceful home it used to. It has often seemed strange to me, that you could bear to leave it."

"It was his superior skill as a mechanic, that made him decide to go," said Matty.

"I was tempted by the high wages which an old friend there assured me I could obtain," remarked Hunsdon, "and Matty and I were willing to sacrifice a little present enjoyment, for the sake of future comfort. I succeeded better even than I anticipated, and I have now, the wherewithal to free me from debt, which could not have been accomplished for several years to come had we remained here."

CHAPTER IV.

THE PASTOR AND THE YOUNG STUDENT.

The home influences by which Elvie was surrounded, were for the most part bright and genial. She had no sorrows, except those which are inseparable from humanity, even in its most favorable aspects; yet so sensitive was her nature, that a slight illness of those she called father and mother, or their weary and worn looks, when the burdens of the day had pressed too heavily on them, sent a pang to her heart, and made her long for the time when she should be old and strong enough to do something more than those light tasks which were now assigned her. She even in her own mind, formed plans to earn something, during those intervals when not required to assist her mother, which would enable her father to hire some one to do the heavy farming work.

Margaret Brownell was often with them. Her presence, for the most part, carried with it a sense of quietude and peace—a kind of Sabbath calmness, such as hushes and subdues, and sometimes, if its influence is too long continued, depresses the spirits. It was not in her nature to realize so fully as Matty, "how many simple ways there are to bless." She could not, like her, know how much there is in a bright face and cheerful voice—how they often have the power to send across the dark waters of adversity ripples of golden sunshine, whose light and warmth steal into the heart.

Most truly did Elvie show that the atmosphere of a true home is the medium of moral education, and the culture of the affections. Her heart opened to the genial influences which it diffused around, as the flower opens to the dew and the sunshine, while the frequent presence of Aunt Margaret, like the melancholy beauty which even the brightest and softest summer night brings with it, chastened the natural buoyancy of her spirits, and rendered her thoughtful beyond her years.

John Hunsdon and his wife, as time passed on, almost ceased to fear that their adopted daughter would be claimed either by relative or friend. They had soon after their return to New England, by the advice of Mr. Wingrove, their pastor, who considered it to be duty, sent an advertisement to two or three papers published in New Orleans, giving a minute description of the personal appearance and the clothing of a child about two years old, left on the doorstep of a house, during the prevalence of the yellow fever. For weeks and months afterward, they were startled by every knock at the door, or by the sight of every stranger who passed, if he appeared to take particular notice of the house. Even when she stood on the verge of womanhood, the dread by which they were at that period daily and even hourly haunted, was a painful memory.

When Elvie was twelve years old, she ceased to attend the district school, having become wise as her teachers. Mr. Wingrove pleased with her proficiency, offered, if she would walk over to the parsonage, to hear her recite three times a week. This offer was most thankfully accepted, as it would obviate the necessity of her leaving her pleasant home, to attend school among strangers.

One day when she was at the minister's, and she was about to commence her recitations, a neighbor who had been to the post-office, called and handed Mr. Wingrove a letter. It was from an old friend, a gentleman by the name of Beverly, who wished Mr. Wingrove to prepare his eldest son for college. In his own mind, the proposition would have been gratefully and even eagerly assented to, had it not occurred to him that it would increase his wife's labor, as his salary was only two hundred dollars a year. It was true that the grounds around the house, in addition to pasturage for a cow and a horse, afforded a small amount of tillage, which during the intervals of mental labor, he had the privilege of cultivating with his own hands.

When he communicated the intelligence contained in the letter to Mrs. Wingrove, familiar as he was with her habit of self-abnegation, he was a little surprised to find that she could not repress tears of joy. It was true that her domestic duties would be increased by the presence of the young student, but what cared she for that, when it opened a way to provide winter clothing for the children, and better still, for he must be exposed, a warm outside garment for her husband, to replace the one, which a dozen years' service had made so thin and threadbare, that it afforded a very inadequate protection against the piercing winds of a New England winter.

If a thought of her own wants glanced into her mind, it was unaccompanied by any idea of providing for them till all the rest of the family were made comfortable.

"If my bonnet and cloak are a little old-fashioned and weather-beaten," she thought to herself, "everybody knows that lack of means, and not any disrespect for those I meet on the Sabbath, prevents me from having new ones."

A favorable answer was of course, returned to Mr. Beverly, and in a little more than a week, Herbert Beverly arrived at the parsonage. He was just fourteen—a bright-looking, dark-eyed lad, full of life and energy, yet sufficiently thoughtful and fond of study.

Elvie heard of his arrival, and did not venture to go as usual to recite to Mr. Wingrove. At last a message came to her. Mr. Wingrove wished her to come over to the parsonage as usual, and attend to her recitations. This gave her courage, and as with her satchel, containing her books, on her arm, a small wicker-basket covered with a snow-white napkin in her hand, while the pink ribbons of her gipsey hat fluttered in the fresh morning breeze, she tripped lightly along a path which crossed the fields and the pastures, she was the impersonation of girlish beauty and grace. Had she known that through a shrubbery of wild roses, that grew by the borders of the woods, near which her path lay, the eyes of Herbert Beverly were earnestly regarding her, as she passed, there might have been less freedom and graceful buoyancy in her movements.

When she reached Mr. Wingrove's, she entered the house by a back door, that she might avoid meeting Herbert Beverly.

"Is Mr. Wingrove ready to attend to me?" she inquired of Mrs. Wingrove, who, as usual, was busily engaged in the performance of her household duties.

"Yes, Elvie, and you will find him in the little back parlor where he commonly hears you recite."

"Is he alone?" said Elvie, hesitating to go.

"Yes, the new scholar has gone to take a ramble in the woods."

Elvie breathed more freely, and smiling when she found that she still retained possession of the basket, she placed it on the table.

"Here are a few things," said she, "that Aunt Margaret has sent you. She said that she was afraid that you might need them, before you would have a chance to send to the village for them."

"Your aunt is always so kind and considerate," replied Mrs. Wingrove, taking the napkin from the basket. "Here is what we most stood in need of, and though we avoid running in debt at the stores, we should have been obliged to, now that Herbert Beverly has come, had it not been for your aunt."

Mr. Wingrove, when he saw Elvie standing at the open door of the parlor, with a smile of much benignity bid her enter. He was a pale, intellectual-looking man, with a calm expression of countenance which had long since become habitual, though lines were traced there, which showed that his almost perfect self-control was not, as some imagined it to be, a natural gift, but had gradually been attained by many a sharp conflict with a passionate and impulsive temperament.

With talents of a high order, and an education acquired at the expense of much personal privation at a celebrated university, he had accepted an invitation to preside over the small congregation where he now was; while several of his class-mates, who were in most respects his inferiors, had the charge of large and wealthy societies. But the poverty and obscurity of his station did not cause him to be remiss in his pastoral duties, either in or out of the pulpit.

It was no light task to prepare sermons in "language familiar without being plebeian, and in matter solid without being abstruse," which he had the good sense to know were the kind best suited to the wants of his flock, made up as it was of the well, even highly educated, of the ignorant and illiterate, and above all, an intermediate class of plain, substantial farmers, more numerous than either of the others.

There was a simple majesty in his style which made his sermons acceptable to each of those classes. Even the child could comprehend them, and all found in them a sustaining as well as elevating influence, where the mind could confidently repose.

In the dwellings of his parishioners, his presence was a joy and a blessing. More particularly was this the case, where the inmates were the sons and daughters of poverty and toil. It awakened their self-respect to see their pastor beneath their lowly roof, which was increased by finding that though learned in Greek and Latin, and even the Hebrew, they found no difficulty in understanding all that he said. And the sick—the sound of his footsteps on the threshold was music to them, while the accents of his mild, yet earnest voice, speaking words of consolation, or poured forth in prayer, fell like balm on their hearts. Nor did he, like the Levite, at sight of the erring and fallen, pass by on the other side. He took them by the hand, raised them up, and spoke comfortably to them, according to the example of him whom he aimed to copy, who said: "Go and sin no more."

Mrs. Wingrove was as faithful in the discharge of her appropriate duties as the pastor in his. When ten years previously, she came to the parsonage a young and blooming bride, there was scarce a female in the place out of her teens, who did not feel it to be a duty to give her a lesson in domestic economy. She always listened patiently, even cheerfully; treasured those hints which a liberal share of common sense showed her she could turn to good account, and forgot the rest.

When it became manifest that she was an excellent housekeeper, her advisers, individually, felicitated themselves on the happy fruits of the valuable counsel so unsparingly bestowed.

As has been mentioned, in consequence of the message sent by Mr. Wingrove, Elvie had walked over to the parsonage in order to resume her recitations. Partly in accordance with her own inclination, and partly by the advice of her teacher, she had some time previously commenced the study of Latin, and this morning she read her first lesson in Virgil.

"Herbert Beverly is only a few pages in advance of you," said Mr. Wingrove, when she had finished; "and if you could come over every morning you might recite together."

"I'm afraid that I shall not be able to recite well enough for that," replied Elvie, alarmed even at the thought of such a thing.

"You will allow me to be the judge—will you not?" said he, with a smile.

"O yes, sir, certainly—but then if he shouldn't with me to recite with him."

"He shall not be compelled to; but if you can agree to recite together, it will be a benefit to you both, and to me a saving of time."

This last consideration prevented her from raising any more objections, yet such was her timidity, that she thought within herself that she had almost rather give up entirely the study of Latin.

"I will speak to Herbert about it," said the pastor, "and you may be prepared to read your first lesson with him, Monday morning."

When half an hour afterward he mentioned the subject to young Beverly, he listened with a peculiar smile, which made it evident that he looked upon the proposition as something verging on the comical. Several questions suggested themselves to him, which he would have liked to ask, but there was a quiet dignity in Mr. Wingrove's manner, which caused him to check his curiosity. He, however, ventured to inquire if he thought she would be able to keep up with him?

"I think she will," was all Mr. Wingrove said in reply.

If she was a coarse-featured, flaxen-headed, sun-burnt girl, such as he thought it likely she would prove to be, Herbert felt determined that he would give her some trouble to keep up with him, even if he were obliged to study until midnight.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WELL SAID.

The Indian, in his native condition, is no fool, as the following anecdote related by a Washington correspondent of the Baltimore Republican attests:—We met Colonel Stambourg to day in the rotunda of the capitol, and while we were looking at the carved representations over the doorways of the rotunda, the veteran Indian agent told us that in 1830, with a delegation of the Menominee Indians, he visited the capitol, and explained the nature and design of the stone groups in the rotunda, when the chief, "Grisly Bear," turned to the eastern doorway, over which there is a representation of the landing of the Pilgrims, and said, "There, Ingen give white man corn;" and to the north, representing Penn's treaty, "There, Ingen give um land;" and to the west, where Pocahontas is seen saving the life of Captain Smith, "There, Ingen save um life;" and lastly to the south, where the hardy pioneer, Daniel Boone, is seen plunging his knife into the heart of one red man, while his foot is planted on the dead body of another, "And there, white man kill Ingen."

A REVOLUTIONARY INCIDENT.

During the retreat from the city of New York, on the 16th of September, 1776, Greene, at the head of a small detachment, was riding up the middle road, towards Harlem Heights where the American army was to unite. An artillery carriage, without the gun, came rapidly along the road, when Greene ordered the driver to stop.

"Where is your piece of cannon?" said Greene, sternly.

"Please you, general, the British were so close behind me, that I thought it best to leave the gun, to save myself, the men and horses."

"Face right about!" said Greene, "or I will run you through!" drawing his sword at the same time. The man could do nothing but obey.

"Now, gentlemen," he continued, "let us recover the gun."

They rode back as fast as possible, found the cannon, a brass six-pounder, placed it on its carriage, and in the face of the British troops, then advancing, successfully escaped. This shows, in a measure, the decision of character of Greene. —*Morning Star.*

AN ENGLISH BLUNDER.

Some of the English balls are quite as amusing as those of their Hibernian neighbors. As Mrs. Gibbon, a popular actress at Liverpool, was about to dress for Jane Shore, her attendant came to inform her that a woman had called to ask for two box orders as she and her daughter had walked four miles to see the play.

"Does she know me?" asked the actress.

"Not a bit," was the reply.

"Very odd. Has the woman got her faculties about her?" asked Mrs. Gibbon.

"I think she has, ma'am," said the dresser, "for I see she has something tied up in her pocket handkerchief."

That "beats Bunnagher entirely."—*Wit and Wisdom.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.

THE MAIDEN'S SONG.

BY THOMAS PATTEN, JR.

O, I'll have my home where the sea-birds
Near the foaming, stormy sea,
Where the craggy peaks on the beauteous
Nearer heaven's high throne to be;
In the spiral words of the rocky glens
My lover shall come to me—
And I'll shield his form from the raging
'Neath some branching shady tree.

When the storm is o'er on the rock-bound
And the slumbering waves at rest
When the bright sun smiles on the distant
Asleep on their mother's breast—
Then together we'll sit, where the gay birds
Carolling their richest lays—
And we'll talk of love, like a gentle dove,
In its cooing, winning ways.

Then we'll pass our hours in old Nature's
And hear every sighing breeze
Re-echo the name of my chosen home,
As it ruffles the leafy trees.
O, give then to me my home of the sea,
By the everhanging rocks;
There let me die 'th the whirlwind's sigh,
Which the shrill-toned sea bird mocks.

[Written for The Flag of our Union

THE ODALISQU

—OR,—

THE CARCANET OF PI

BY M. V. ST. LEON.

What melodious murmurs! Wh
laughter! One would certainly im
beyond that gilded lattice was an av
with beautiful birds, whose rustling
and delicious twitterings fill the air
sounds. Perhaps it is so; let us pee
the screen into the adjoining court. (
ble pavement are heaped cushions of
silks, and on little stands scattered
piles of luscious fruits, ruby, golden a
In the centre, a fountain falls in mu
lings to its basin below. The square
closed by slender pillars supporting a
nice and domelike roof; graceful trees
foliage, planted outside, drooped their
into the pavilion; and brilliant feathers
swung in gilded hoops suspended
boughs, while others less tame were i
in cages attached to the columns,
wreathed with jasmines.

Reclining on the divans were groups
females, chatting, laughing, and idly
various instruments, teasing their grin
whose sour, black faces formed a cont
gay tormentors, and resembling in the
draperies, and restless activity, a bed
swayed by the wind.

Conspicuous among this throng
groups, which from the superior beauty
attire of the principal figures, appeare
a higher station than any others; th
one consisted of three persons—a lady
some, but unintellectual looking woma
slender form and oval face that would
apathetic, had not glittering, wakeful
given life to a complexion whose p
tint was preserved by careful seclu
wind and sunshine. Decked in all the
drapery of Eastern magnificence,
gracefully back on her manifold cushi
ing herself by presenting her finger for
paroquet, that sat balancing on its per
at. Beside her, in rather a more up
tion, reclined a plump, brilliantly fair
whose large, sleepy eyes were sha
brows and lashes only equalled in
hues by the silken locks that escaped
tle lace turban, festooned with filagree
She was listening to the conversation
the first mentioned lady, and a sharp,
able-looking female, whose features an
indicated her to be an Armenian. Fr
tone in which they spoke, and the
glances covertly cast at the second
would appear there was some connecti
its members and the subject they were
This circle, containing also three pe
totally different from every one of its
Beneath the drooping clusters of a
grape-vine, sat a young girl of about
with no traces of Asiatic origin in she
ture. There was a transparency in
complexion, and the light of a cultiv
lect in her brilliant blue eyes; her
formed mouth was expressive of an
nature, and her animated countenance
ful buoyancy of motion presented a s
trast to the sluggish indolence of East
generally.

Beside her, sipping a cup of coffee, w
young girl, Zaidee, a Persian, about
age, more pleasing and refined co
was also full of life and intelligence.
aged woman, evidently the nurse of
was fanning her mistress with an ex
affection and respect.

The lady first mentioned is th
Zorayita, and the second her prin
Katinka. Noama, the Armenian, is
the princess, and as treacherous at h
manner is fastening. The young girl
though from India, bears little resem
the dusky inhabitants of that country
awi, the nurse, has the Hindoo featu
have been inmates of the seraglio
weeks, and Zaidee the Persian even
Short as this period has been, howe
proved sufficient to rouse the jealo
Lady Zorayda, who having heard the
of Noama's account, dismissed her,
low, agitated tone, thus addressed Ka
"You see how matters progress!
is a fine state of things—I, who am s
the holy maidens of Yagreuat, as gra
Bayadere, and but five years ago was
'the wonder of the age' for beauty—
esteemed too precious a jewel for the
eaar, and brought at once to the cal
captors! Since then, I have certain
—and can I not sing, besides, as
killar! Are not my eyes as black as
the Ainus, while those of the strange

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE MAIDEN'S SONG.

BY THOMAS PATTEN, JR.

O, I'll have my home where the sea-birds roam,
Near the foaming, stormy sea,
Where the craggy peaks on the breastwork seeks,
Nearer heaven's high throne to be;
In the spiral wends of the rocky glens
My lover shall come to me—
And I'll shield his form from the raging storm,
'Neath some branching shady tree.

When the storm is o'er on the rock-bound shore,
And the slumbering waves at rest
When the bright sun smiles on the distant isles,
Asleep on their mother's breast—
Then together we'll sit, where the gay birds flit,
Caroling their richest lays—
And we'll talk of love, like a gentle dove,
In its cooing, winning ways.

Thus we'll pass our hours in old Nature's bowers,
And hear every sighing breeze
Re-echo the moan of my chosen home,
As it ruffles the leafy trees.
O, give then to me my home of the sea,
By the overhanging rocks;
There let me die 'th the whirlwind's sigh,
Which the shrill-toned sea bird mocks.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE ODALISQUE:

—OR,—

THE CARCANET OF PEARLS

BY M. V. ST. LEON.

What melodious murmurs! What silvery laughter! One would certainly imagine that beyond that gilded lattice was an aviary filled with beautiful birds, whose rustling plumage and delicious twitterings fill the air with soft sounds. Perhaps it is so; let us peep through the screen into the adjoining court. On a marble pavement are heaped cushions of the richest silks, and on little stands scattered about, lie piles of luscious fruits, ruby, golden and purple. In the centre, a fountain falls in musical tinklings to its basin below. The square was enclosed by slender pillars supporting a light cornice and domelike roof; graceful trees of various foliage, planted outside, drooped their branches into the pavilion; and brilliant-feathered warblers swung in gilded hoops suspended from the boughs, while others less tame were imprisoned in cages attached to the columns, that were wreathed with jasmines.

Reclining on the divans were groups of lovely females, chatting, laughing, and idly playing on various instruments, teasing their grim guards, whose sour, black faces formed a contrast to the gay tormentors, and resembling in their rainbow draperies, and restless activity, a bed of tulips swayed by the wind.

Conspicuous among this throng were two groups, which from the superior beauty and rich attire of the principal figures, appeared to hold a higher station than any others; the foremost one consisted of three persons—a haughty, handsome, but unintellectual looking woman, with a slender form and oval face that would have been apathetic, had not glittering, beadlike, black eyes given life to a complexion whose pale, ivory tint was preserved by careful seclusion from wind and sunshine. Decked in all the gorgeous drapery of Eastern magnificence, she lolled gracefully back on her manifold cushions, amusing herself by presenting her finger for a favorite paroquet, that sat balancing on its perch, to peck at. Beside her, in rather a more upright position, reclined a plump, brilliantly fair Kathayan, whose large, sleepy eyes were shadowed by brows and lashes only equalled in their jetty hues by the silken locks that escaped from a little lace turban, fastooned with filagree butterflies. She was listening to the conversation between the first mentioned lady, and a sharp, disagreeable-looking female, whose features and costume indicated her to be an Armenian. From the low tone in which they spoke, and the frequent glances covertly cast at the second group, it would appear there was some connection between its members and the subject they were discussing.

This circle, containing also three persons, was totally different from every one of its neighbors. Beneath the drooping clusters of a luxuriant grape-vine, sat a young girl of about eighteen, with no traces of Asiatic origin in shape or feature. There was a transparency in her roseate complexion, and the light of a cultivated intellect in her brilliant blue eyes; her delicately-formed mouth was expressive of an impetuous nature, and her animated countenance and graceful buoyancy of motion presented a strong contrast to the sluggish indolence of Eastern women generally.

Beside her, sipping a cup of coffee, was another young girl, Zaidee, a Persian, about the same age, whose pleasing and refined countenance was also full of life and intelligence. A middle-aged woman, evidently the nurse of the former, was fanning her mistress with an expression of affection and respect.

The lady first mentioned is the Sultana Zorayida, and the second her prime favorite Katinka. Neama, the Armenian, is a slave of the princess, and as treacherous at heart, as her manner is flattering. The young girl, Leila, although from India, bears little resemblance to the dusky inhabitants of that country; but Alawi, the nurse, has the Hindoo features. Both have been inmates of the seraglio only four weeks, and Zaidee the Persian even less time. Short as this period has been, however, it has proved sufficient to rouse the jealousy of the Lady Zorayda, who having heard the conclusion of Neama's account, dismissed her, and in a low, agitated tone, thus addressed Katinka:

"You see how matters progress! Truly this is a fine state of things—I, who am as slender as the holy maidens of Yagrenat, as graceful as a Bayadere, and but five years ago was surnamed 'the wonder of the ago' for beauty—was I not esteemed too precious a jewel for the slave bazaar, and brought at once to the sultan by my captors? Since then, I have certainly improved—and can I not sing, besides, and play the kilar? Are not my eyes as black as the spot on the Airus, while those of the stranger are of a color never celebrated by our poets? Yet this rose-and-lily compound no sooner comes, than our lord and master has no eyes and ears for any one else—and all, so far as I can discover, because some learned mollah has given her the education of a musty scribe, and the girl herself dares say and do things no other woman in her senses would think to enact, and live. Allah be praised, however! There can be but one sultana; and though the Odalisque may reign in the heart of the commander of the faithful, in the harem her will is secondary to mine."

As the Lady Zorayda paused to regain her breath, the favorite ventured to suggest:

"Then why not use your power to rid yourself of one whose presence is hateful to you?"

"Are you a fool, Katinka? Do you not know she is a novelty as yet, and that were Mahmoud to lose her now, all my influence, if he should suspect me, would avail nothing to prevent my being thrown into the Bosphorus? I am not so weary of life; but even should I escape suspicion, and such a doom, he would be inconsolable forever. No—wait awhile, and perhaps I may find some fresh beauty to lure him from her; then is my time to strike. Engrossed by another, he will not heed her fate, and when tired of her successor, the sultan will return to my feet once more. What do you think of this scheme, little one?" inquired the princess, with a self-satisfied air.

The simple Katinka replied: 'Truly I am astonished at your wisdom. What a head it takes for a sultana! I am very sure I shall never be one."

"Sincerely, I do not think you ever will!" exclaimed Zorayda, with a laugh, as she patted her companion's cheek. Then rising, and gathering her shawl together, she retired with Katinka to her own apartments, to indulge in a chibouk and siesta.

As Zorayda had said, at the age of sixteen her beauty had induced Mahmoud to make her his sultana; and possessing a mind whose native powers were much stronger than any other inmate of the harem, the proud Circassian had never found a rival until now. Two months previous to the opening of the scene just narrated, the vizier, who was slightly in disgrace with his master, had seen Leila in the slave market, and hoping to regain favor by making a magnificent present, he had bought her and humbly requested the sultan to accept the offering. Struck by the exceeding loveliness of the young girl, Mahmoud readily forgave his minister, and in the society of one so different from any he had ever seen of her sex, almost forgot the existence of Zorayda.

The afternoon sun was gilding the minarets of the City of the Sultans, and the waves of the Bosphorus, that glided by the walls of the seraglio, were dancing in the mellow light, and bearing on their surface numberless crafts, containing figures in all the various costumes of the Levant. On a divan at one of the latticed casements of the palace sat Leila, gazing forth upon the scene with a pre-occupied expression, while Alawi was plaiting the rich masses of unbound golden hair with jewels.

Scarcely was the task completed, when an officer of the royal household announced the approach of the sultan, and in another moment Mahmoud himself entered. Motioning the attendants to retire, he seated himself by the side of Leila and inquired after her health.

"The body may be well when the mind suffers," replied the young girl, in the most musical of voices; "of which do you ask?"

"Still pining for the humble state you are rescued from?" exclaimed Mahmoud, half pleadingly.

"The bird, though prisoned in a gilded cage, cannot forget its former delicious freedom," answered Leila, sadly, yet with a touch of enthusiasm at the images called up by the idea of liberty.

"Why can I not win your love, so that all desire to leave me may vanish?" exclaimed the sultan, eagerly. "Surely your heart is in the keeping of some one more fortunate than I."

"I am my own keeper," replied Leila, somewhat proudly; "but listen to a story I have to tell you, and then, perhaps, you will cease to wonder at my indifference to the splendor with which you surround me. I am not of the same race as the childish, apathetic inmates of your harem; a quicker, nobler blood is in my veins, and a proud impatience of restraint that belongs to another nation—it is the Anglo Saxon."

"Are you not from India?" inquired the sultan, in surprise.

"It is not my birthplace, I believe—at least, I am of English parents. Seventeen years ago, Alawi, my nurse, then in Calcutta, was engaged by a British officer, whose regiment was ordered to another part of the country, to attend upon his wife and infant daughter during the voyage. When nearly arrived at the place of destination, a terrible storm arose, and the vessel was shipwrecked. Alawi, who had been lashed to a spar, was washed on shore with me in her arms; but although several bodies were found, my father and mother were not among them.

"Alawi knew not what to do, as there were no English residents in the place to whom she could tell my birth, and she entered the service of a rajah's wife, retaining the privilege of keeping me with her. Years passed on, and I arrived at my sixteenth year, when the young prince, the rajah's only son, slightly my senior, and whose playmate I had always been, became attached to me, and declared I should be his wife. His mother did not intend that honor for the foster-child of her ayah, and hated me from that hour; while I, having long ago been told what Alawi knew of my history, was not at all desirous of the connection. I had received a superior education from a mollah or scribe in the employ of the rajah, and who had once lived in Calcutta long enough to know considerable of English people and customs, and my dearest hope was, that some day a fortunate chance would restore me to my country people, if not to my relatives. Judge, then, of my distress, on learning that I was to be sold to a slave merchant, and carried to Constantinople. But, with the faithful Alawi who insisted on sharing my fortunes, I resigned myself to the hands of fate. Our voyage was prosperous; but immediately on landing, I was conveyed to a dwelling, where I was treated with an attention to which I was little accustomed, and furnished with a host of articles of the use of which I was totally ignorant. From thence I was brought hither, where I pine for my lost freedom, and unfettered liberty of speech and action."

"Cannot anything reconcile you to the position of the sultan's favorite? Methinks it is not so unenviable as to excite much compassion," said Mahmoud, with slight sarcasm.

"Does my lord fancy the glittering jewels and costly garments, in which he is pleased to deck me—the splendid apartments and parade of attendants, with which he is pleased to surround me—or a place in his harem, with the privilege of listening to the meaningless chatter of its inmates, occasionally fanning him to sleep, or singing to him when he is disposed to listen, offer me the slightest temptation? Does he imagine they afford the shadow of a compensation for the power to roam free as the air, untrammelled by the commands of a master?" And the indignant Leila turned away with flushed cheeks, and the air of a princess.

Mahmoud had never been braved thus before, and admiration mingled with his impatience, as he replied:

"Bestow your love on me, and you shall be my sultana, you shall rule me; a palace shall be built for you on some beautiful spot, sufficiently secluded to permit a wide range, and singers, dancers, and even learned mollahs shall be at your command."

"Do not suppose, O defender of the faithful, that my highest idea of enjoyment consists in continual wandering, or that singers, dancers and scribes are my chief desires in life; besides, how am I to become sultana, when the Lady Zorayda fills that position?"

"One word from you, and the Lady Zorayda fills no position at all, unless it be a sack in the Bosphorus!" exclaimed the monarch, carried away by a desire to possess an object apparently unattainable.

"Heaven forbid!" cried Leila, recoiling from her companion in horror; "I would never even look upon you again, if your soul was stained with the murder of a fellow-moral. But if Allah should see fit to remove the sultana, I would never share a heart with others. No! If my lord would indeed make me his grateful friend, he will help me to find my relations, if I have any, and restore me to them," said Leila, with tearful earnestness that moved Mahmoud more than he chose to acknowledge; and rising to avoid a further pleading, he summoned his attendants and retired.

Passing along by the sultana's apartments, Mahmoud heard the sound of a lute, and entering an ante-room, signified his intent to visit her. Just having finished an elaborate toilet, the lady did not need to make any delay; but not wishing to appear eager for the royal presence, after the long neglect she had experienced, full five minutes were allowed to pass before the signal for admission was given. Lifting the curtain, Mahmoud entered a magnificent apartment, and beheld Zorayda seated in indolent repose on a divan, and beside her the favorite Katinka. Casting a languid glance upward, the haughty beauty bade her visitor welcome, and seating himself on a rich carpet at the feet of both ladies, and resting his arm on the divan, while the attendant presented a lighted chibouk, the sultan said:

"Did I not hear singing a short time since?"

"My lord says right—his humble slave was amusing herself with a new song," replied Zorayda.

Mahmoud felt the contrast between this servile emptiness and the piquant frankness of Leila's manner very forcibly, but requesting a repetition of the music, he applied himself to the beloved nargileh which Leila would not admit in her apartment. The ballad was tolerably lengthy, and before it was concluded, the empty little head of Katinka was nodding in sleep.

Quite appeased by the praise bestowed on her performance, and the consideration of a visit exclusively on her account, Zorayda grew gracious. But envy and rage filled her heart when the sultan observed that Leila was as impatient of restraint as ever, and he feared she would begin to droop.

"A wild, strange being—it is my opinion that she despises the palace, its inmates, and even the owner of it," replied the artful woman, watching the effect of her words.

The sultan recollected her fearless speeches to him, and reflected that she might not have kept her pretty irreverence for his especial benefit. Mahmoud's pride took alarm, and stroking his beard, he exclaimed:

"Inshallah! Does the girl laugh at us? I think so truly, since we receive no thanks for the many favors conferred upon her, and our endeavors for her happiness meet only with complaints and discontent."

"Has she indeed been bold enough to equal herself with our lord and master the sultan, and presume on favors from one whose glance alone exalts the fortunate one above all her sex?" exclaimed Zorayda, in well counterfeited astonishment and horror.

"Such shall not long be the case," was the ominous reply.

"May the sultan live forever! If so insignificant a being as I might hope to speak and live, I should say that a sack, or the bowstring were fitting punishment for the slave, only that it would be too much of an honor to be the subject of even such a command, from the descendant of the prophet."

By that sudden revulsion of feeling to which all are liable, caused perhaps by this abject flattery, or the contrast between Zorayda's contemptible delight in mischief and her rival's generous magnanimity, and it may be, discovering in the lady's unguarded manner at the prospect of success her malignant jealousy towards Leila, Mahmoud began to doubt if the young girl was capable of gratifying her vanity at his expense; and indignant at the thought of being led by Zorayda, he turned suddenly upon her, and exclaimed, in a voice of thunder:

"Peace, idle creature! I ask not counsel of women. Know that to her whom you thus eagerly seek to degrade, you owe your life!" And in his anger, the sultan briefly detailed his offer of making Leila sultana, which she declined to accept at the expense of another.

Throughout the whole Zorayda sat motionless in amazement, and concluding his reproof with a severe frown, Mahmoud left the now wide awake Katinka, who was sobbing in affright, to comfort her trembling mistress, who perceived her mistake in terror, fearing lest the conversation might reach Leila, and cause her to revenge. So little could she comprehend a great soul.

The next day, Neama entered Leila's chamber, and kneeling before her, presented a richly enamelled jewel-case. Lifting the lid, she drew forth a splendid necklace of pearls, and said:

"The Lady Zorayda desires your acceptance of this trifle, and begs you will wear it for her sake. She also hopes you will permit her to visit you to-day, and commence a friendship too long delayed."

Surprised at this unexpected act, and the request that followed it, Leila replied that she would be happy to receive the sultana, thinking to obtain from her an explanation that she did not consider proper to ask of the servant.

In a few hours, therefore, Zorayda came, and further astonished Leila by saluting her on both cheeks, and kissing her hands. At last she discovered that the sultana had heard she had saved her life, and remorse and gratitude prompted this demonstration.

"Surely you attach too much importance to so slight a thing. A few words that cost me no effort to speak, and were forgotten the next moment—of what value are they?"

Every syllable added to the humiliation of Zorayda, and Leila continued:

"Besides, our friendship needs no present to cement it. I cannot deprive you of so costly and beautiful a jewel—allow me to return it;" and she took the casket from a stand.

"Do not add to my mortification by insult," cried Zorayda. "If you will not accept my offering, I will never see it again;" and she made a passionate gesture.

Perceiving a refusal would wound and offend, Leila thanked her companion, who added:

"Complete my happiness, and let me clasp it around your neck."

The Odalisque bent her graceful head, and the sultana clasped the rich ornament on the snowy, swanlike throat, and urging Leila to visit her, Zorayda presently departed with Neama. Calling Zaidee to admire the gift, her friend expressed much delight that kindness had subdued her enemy.

Still the sultan continued to visit Leila, and offer every inducement to attach her to himself and her present condition, pleased and surprised to find that Zorayda warmly seconded his endeavors. It was of no avail, and losing the cheerful spirit of hope that had so long sustained her, the young girl began to droop. The color deserted her cheek by degrees, and the brilliancy fled from her eyes. Zaidee, exceedingly attached to her, devoted herself to the amusement of her friend; but a loss of health soon followed this depression of mind, and the songs and stories with which the fair Persian attempted to divert her, failed to acomplish any change.

Zorayda often visited Leila, who became daily more fragile, and shed tears over her with that excess of altered feeling so characteristic of her wild race, and insisted that Neama, who was an excellent nurse, should try her skill on the lovely patient, who, although she disliked the Armenian greatly, consented to please her friend, in spite of Zaidee's and Alawi's protest to the contrary.

As her debility increased, Leila ceased to pay the same attention to dress as formerly, and Zorayda's necklace, which was the last of her jewelry to be laid aside, was finally consigned to its casket. As Neama closed the lid, she said:

"I am afraid the Lady Zorayda will be much grieved to miss this from your neck; she does not imagine you so feeble—besides, she prized this ornament above all her others."

"I will insist upon returning it, then," replied Leila, sorry to have retained it so long.

"Then my mistress would certainly think you were going into a consumption!"

Leila was perplexed, dreading to give pain, yet unwilling to keep her friend's favorite jewel, when Zaidee suggested a scheme to remedy both troubles. This was to order another necklace precisely similar, and present it to the sultana. The plan was highly approved, and Zaidee was about to give directions to a slave, when Neama observed that her mistress had often wished the ruby in the clasp had been an opal, and Leila requested the Persian to order the alteration.

In a week, the ornaments were brought from the jeweller's. But Leila had sunk into a state of inaction and lethargy, that prevented her receiving any pleasure from the nice execution of her command. Zorayda, on the contrary, was delighted with her present, and especially admired the Indian fire opal, that contrasted so beautifully with the milky pearls, and wondered at her friend's indifference. Zaidee, however, was seriously alarmed at this state of apathy, which appeared more discouraging to her than the previous wasting away, and exerted all her influence even to annoying Leila, in endeavors to make her take exercise and shake off this sluggishness.

About this time, the sultana also became indisposed, and instead of listening to the advice of Neama that she would remain quiet, and gain strength, she persisted in making frequent excursions into the country to a palace which Mahmoud had given her, hiding her increasing pallor and loss of health by rich dress, cosmetics, and reckless gaiety, and eagerly striving to win back the heart of the sultan.

Leila, who under the affectionate care of Zaidee was slowly recovering her former looks and spirits, saw but little of the princess, when one morning the seraglio was electrified with the news that the Lady Zorayda was dead. Scarcely believing the report, Leila hastened to the chamber of the sultana, and was admitted by Neama, whose countenance confirmed the rumor. On a couch lay the inanimate form of Zorayda, in the rich garments she had last put on, and around her neck the carcanet of jewels; but her countenance was swollen and livid, while a dark purple line under the necklace explained the cause of this bloated appearance—Zorayda had died of poison!

Zaidee, who had followed her friend, took her by the hand and led her away from the melancholy scene; but no sooner were they alone, than the Persian buried her face on Leila's shoulder, and burst into tears. Much surprised, Leila earnestly inquired the cause of this sudden and inexplicable grief, since the sultana was not so great a favorite as to occasion it. Zaidee, after a great deal of urging, confessed that when the Lady Zorayda had presented the necklace with so much apparent friendship, she had suspected a sinister design; but about the time when a duplicate was ordered from the jeweller, she had satisfied herself that her suspicions were correct, and Neama's desire that an opal might be substituted for a ruby in the new necklace, she believed to proceed from fear lest, by a mistake, they might be changed.

But adding to Leila's instructions, the Persian had directed that an opal should be inserted in the clasp of the ornament sent as a pattern, and a ruby in the other. The ruse succeeded, and Zaidee, who had hoped that when the sultana became ill, the fatal toy would be laid aside, on account of its oppressive weight, saw with dismay that its becoming richness prevented this wish from being realized; feeling guilty of murder every day, yet fearing to reveal the secret to Leila on account of giving a shock to her feeble health, and certain that to inform Mahmoud would only hasten the sultana's doom, Zaidee was in great perplexity, when the sudden death of Zorayda, accelerated by her late anxiety and dissipation, made the poor girl so wretched that she could no longer bear the burden of silence.

Leila embraced the devoted friend to whom she owed her life, and felt the justice of the awful retribution, although she lamented it. Her chief anxiety now was, lest the sultan should urge her to fill the station that no insurmountable obstacle now prevented her accepting. But to her astonishment, on his next visit, Mahmoud, in a dejected tone, inquired if she had any memento of her parents, and she eagerly produced a small locket containing hair, and a fine cambric handkerchief with a crest and initials nearly faded out by time, which had been about her neck at the time of the shipwreck.

In a few days, Mahmoud again came, and this time announced that the articles had been sent to the British ambassador, who had recognized the crest at once, and was acquainted with the family. As Leila supposed, her parents had perished, but her uncle, who was now the head of the house, was living in England, and had often lamented that his brother's infant daughter was not spared to him, to have been loved and cherished for her father's sake. As the ambassador was about returning to his country, his wife proposed taking Leila with them, and the sultan had come to bid the young girl farewell.

"You have raised my standard of right and justice, you have elevated my mind, and taught me the delight of having a true friend," said the sultan, in a mournful tone. "In fine, you have fitted me to enjoy the society of rational beings, only to leave me now to the idle prating of the idiots by whom I am surrounded."

"Bring them to your own level," replied Leila, with enthusiasm. "But let me tell you that there is one in your palace who will love you for yourself alone, who is beautiful, and capable of being made a companion for any one. It is Zaidee, who came after my arrival, and I do not think you have scarcely seen her; in her, you will find a friend, and I leave her to you as a trust from me. Prove yourself as worthy of the fair Persian, as she will be faithful to you."

Taking Leila by both hands, Mahmoud gazed long and sadly at her bright face, radiant with happiness at the prospect of joining her kindred, and at length, with a deep sigh, turned quickly away and left her. This farewell pained Leila, but trusting to time and Zaidee to console him, she made the necessary preparations for departure.

The last evening spent by the young girls was full of sorrow, but Leila charged her pupil not to forget the beautiful precepts of the wise mollah, which had proved so serviceable to the orphan, and promising to send tidings of her future lot, they separated. In England, Leila found a delightful home, and ere long had the satisfaction of knowing that all her wishes in regard to Mahmoud and Zaidee were fulfilled, and every day she thanked the wise Providence that had made the carcanet of pearls an instrument of working good from evil.

KING OF THE CANNIBAL ISLANDS.

This terrible potentate, who has recently been called to an account for some of his iniquities by the U. S. sloop-of-war John Adams, seems to be a ferocious fellow. It is said he has eaten of the flesh of more than three hundred human beings, and is the greatest murderer and cannibal that ever existed. His name is Tae Vita, king of Fegee. It is charged that the English missionaries have encouraged him in his outrages. When called on board the John Adams, he begged for his life, and promised for the future to respect the lives and property of Americans. It is to be hoped that a provision was made in the treaty that he should respect their *bodies* also. —*Boston Post.*

A NATION WITHOUT A LANGUAGE.

The Swiss, being descended from French, Italian and German refugees, have no distinctive language of their own. Four languages, Italian, German, Reisen and French, are spoken by different portions of the nation, and three of them, German, French and Italian are declared by law to be the national languages. German is spoken by 70 per cent. of the people; French by 23 per cent.; Italian by 5 per cent.; and Retien by 2 per cent. Of this population, about three fifths are Protestant, and two-fifths Catholic.—*Tribune.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

LADIES' TRIALS.

BY BLANCHE D'ASTOISE.

I wonder if heaven has "opening day"—
When ladies promenade Broadway!
This horrid town! I'm down upon it!
I cannot find a decent bonnet.
I've roamed the streets from north to south,
I've entered in, and scrutinized out,
And used my tongue, but all in vain;
I find there's no use to complain;
Those country milliners do not try
To please the taste, or charm the eye—
They take a frame, stick something on it,
And dub it "Late Parisienne Bonnet"

O take me back to town once more!
I'll never visit this horrid shore.
My winter hat is knocked and bent,
I've worn it everywhere I went.
A mighty pretty thing to look at!
Just see! the very rim is crooked!
The plumes are frizzed— the flowers faded—
The last ensemble sadly jaded!
I'll never be a farmer's wife,
And lead a still, domestic life;
O, how I wish this lovely day,
I was promenading down Broadway!

What shall I do? I will not wear
A horrid, countrified affair!
I'll go to town this very day,
And suit myself in dear Broadway!
Talk of this healthy country breeze!
Just look at those outlandish trees,
Without the slightest covering on them,
Enough to shock a modest woman!
I cannot buy a single thing—
Here shopping is a deadly sin.
I hate this place worse every day,
Because it has no gay Broadway!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE LOVER'S LEAP.

BY MAURICE SILINSBY.

THERE is perhaps no part of England so rich in legends and well preserved traditions, handed down orally from generation to generation among the inhabitants, as Derbyshire. Derbyshire is justly celebrated for its picturesque scenery, the fine country-seat of the Duke of Devonshire, and its almost inexhaustible stores of limestone. For miles around, from this point, you may see the bright blaze of the numberless lime-kilns, shooting up their innumerable sparks, which come dancing down again through all the long night, and through all the long year —for ages, perhaps, and so incessantly, too, that it might almost seem a positive necessity to continue on in the same way for an incalculable period of time.

There are many anecdotes in circulation among the peasantry, relating to the present duke, one of which I will take the liberty to relate as prefatory to the "Lover's Leap," it being not only characteristic of an Englishman, but also of the great duke himself, whose immense wealth, magnificent style of living, and munificent liberality, have extended his well-earned reputation across the water.

It chanced one day that a poor coal-carrier, as he was carting coal in sacks to the kilns in Cawver, discovered the mouth of one sack to have loosened suddenly, and removing it from the back of the ass, he commenced gathering up the scattered fragments, which no sooner had he accomplished, than he found it impossible to restore it to its place again. Noticing just then a large, powerful looking man walking leisurely along the road, with his hands behind him, he cried out, lustily: "This way! this way, maun, and gi'e us a ha'penny's lift, will ye?"

The stranger, roused from his reverie by the call, and entirely content to humor the whim of the carrier, came briskly forward and laid hold of the other end of the sack. Being unused to this kind of exercise, his hands slipped off two or three times before he succeeded in restoring his end, the awkwardness of which the carrier took the liberty to censure roundly, all of which was taken by the stranger with perfect equanimity and good humor. After they were through, the stranger desired to know why he did not purchase a horse and cart, which would certainly be much more profitable than carrying it in sacks.

"It is as much as I can do," answered the carrier, bluntly, "to feed my two asses, much more to buy a horse and cart, which would cost me full twenty guineas."

"You should apply to the duke," responded the stranger; "he is said to be very liberal with those who are deserving."

"I say the duke," cried the other, making a cabalistic sign with his thumb against his nose, and a perpendicular elevation of his four fingers, which seemed to say: "That's a pretty good joke, now, but you don't think I'm so ignorant as to be caught in that trap?"

The stranger, who had observed him narrowly, here asked if he doubted the duke's goodness.

"No, I don't say that," said the carrier, "for I think the duke is a good fellow, if you only have a spare guinea or two."

"Why, what do you mean by that?" inquired the stranger, reddening.

"Well, it is just this much, tha," said the carrier. "If I have a guinea for the porter, I can see the duke; but if I haven't the guinea, I am turned away—I can't see him."

"Do you mean I am to understand this as the truth?" demanded the other, sternly.

"Why, bless your soul, man," responded the carrier, laughing, "haven't I been there myself and been refused, and don't I know a round dozen that could tell you the same story, if you would take the trouble?"

"Never mind," said the other, changing his tone to one of cheerful encouragement, "you pay the duke a visit to-morrow, and I think he will give you an audience."

The carrier shook his head dubiously.

"It's no use! I wouldn't give a rusty farthing for all my chances of seeing him!"

"But you shall see him!" cried the stranger, vehemently; "for I am stopping with the duke myself, and I will bespeak an audience for you. When you call at the porter's lodge, inquire for me—Maxwell." And with this he turned and walked vigorously away.

The next day, the carrier presented himself at the duke's palace and inquired for Maxwell. Without asking a word as to perquisites, the porter conducted him straight to the usher, who in turn led him into the grand reception room, where the duke was sitting attired in a magnificent court dress. In a moment, the carrier recognized in the duke's features his quondam friend and co laborer of the preceding day, and without offering a word, he fell on his knees before him in an attitude of supplication.

"Arise, my honest friend!" said the duke, coming forward. "There is no occasion for this! You have no cause to fear me."

And with this he rang a bell, which was speedily answered by a handsome page in skyblue pants and a crimson jacket.

"Bid the porter come to me!" said the duke.

The page retired, and a moment after the porter entered.

"Now, my good friend," said the duke, turning to the carrier, "state to this man what you did to me yesterday."

The porter, who now recognized the carrier as one of those applicants whom he had turned away on a former occasion, began to look extremely crest fallen.

"Speak up, man," said the duke; "you have nothing to fear!"

Thus assured, the carrier went on and related all, and much more than he had on the day preceding. The porter succeeded in stammering out some sort of an excuse, but was speedily frowned into silence by the duke. After he had concluded his story, the duke turned to the porter, and said: "Now, sir, your stay here depends on your making a clean breast of it."

The poor fellow broke down and acknowledged everything. He said he had only thought of the money; the consequence had never occurred to him, but he would be sure and mend in the future.

Said the duke: "The consequence is trifling to you, for you have made your office in my household that of a sinecure; but to me the result is of immense moment. Here, for years, have I not been pleased to style myself the patron of the poor, only to awaken now and discover that those alone who possessed the means to bribe my domestics, and consequently did not need it, have been the sole recipients of my bounty. I shall look to it in the future. If I did by you as I almost feel it my duty to do, I should forthwith discharge you from my service forever. I might crush you, but what benefit to me, or what benefit to the poor whom your cupidity has defrauded, would result from it? The mission of a wise man is to create instead of destroying, to support instead of pulling down; and by my forbearance in the present instance, I trust I shall not only punish for past offences, but shall encourage to better deeds in the future. You may go, now, and see that you have in readiness, against this poor man's coming, a horse and cart suitable for his business." And with this injunction, he waved the stricken culprit from his presence.

After he was gone, the duke turned to the carrier and said: "Now, my honest friend, do you longer doubt the duke's willingness to assist the deserving?"

The carrier would have embraced the man, had not the conventional shadow of a dukedom stood between them. As it was, he drew his coarse sleeve across his eyes, and dislodged some drops of moisture that had gathered there.

"You will come every year and tell me how you get on?" said the duke, as the carrier made his last awkward bow at the door of the audience-chamber.

No man in England is perhaps so idolized by the peasantry as the Duke of Devonshire. He is the patron of all harmless sports and recreations. He is the presiding genius of the May-day and harvest festivals, on which occasions the jocund feast in the open air, and many other primitive customs are revived.

Chatsworth Hall, the Duke of Devonshire's palace, is situated on a side hill, and surrounded and made up of almost everything of imaginable splendor—gardens, terraces, obeliskal sculpture, parks, conservatories, fountains with dripping naiads, and the waters sparkling and dancing among the pendant branches of the willows. There is also the royal nursery, where a great many of the sovereigns of England have each planted a tree.

The duke is now an old man, and resides most of the time here. Strangers may know when the duke is at home by the Union Jack, which is to be seen floating from one of the towers. It is said that in early life the duke was much addicted to the "turf," being for a long time the leading feature and principal supporter of the "Chesterfield Races." But of late years he has exhibited a more serious turn; has taken much interest in church affairs, in promoting the interests of the poor, and generally in improving the condition of the peasantry around him. In 1846, the interior of the old Chesterfield church was remodelled by order of the duke, and free pews were placed in it. Chesterfield is about twelve miles from Chatsworth, and there are many legends and superstitions connected with this church. The steeple is built in a twisted, zigzag form, so that in standing in any position beneath, it looks as though it were about to topple down upon you. Near the altar is to be seen the breast bone of a cow, said to have been endowed with an inexhaustible udder, till one day a malicious old witch conceived the diabolical notion of milking it dry through a sieve, which no sooner had she accomplished, than the creature dropped down dead at her feet. The people, who looked upon the cow as an especial gift from heaven, were so indignant at the foul doings of the witch that they forthwith strung her up to the church steeple, when lo! the very steeple itself becoming curious to know upon which side they had hung so infamous a character, stooped over to look, which is one explanation of its present twisted appearance. Another is that a peasant girl came there one day of such wondrous beauty, that the steeple could not resist nodding at her, which is quite as likely to be true as the other, though certainly a high compliment to the young lady's charms.

About a mile from the village of Cawver, on the road to the duke's residence, is a colossal limestone rock, facing on the road, and rising perpendicularly to a height of ninety feet. It is known to the peasantry around by the title of "The Lover's Leap," and is the subject of a curious old legend. As the story runs, a young lord who had come up from London to attend the races at Chesterfield, discovered one day at the fair a peasant girl of such rare beauty that he instantly fell in love with her, and forthwith ordered his servant to follow her on her return, and inform him where she resided as soon as he had fully ascertained.

About midnight, the servant returned, and gave information that she was the daughter of a small farmer residing in Cawver. How to make her acquaintance, the patrician young lord was at a loss to decide; so he recalled his servant, who had a most excellent head at plotting, and laid the case before him.

"If your lordship goes there on purpose to see her," said the fellow, scratching his head, "the girl will take affright, and then the old folks will take affright; so the next thing—whip—off they'll go and hide up somewhere, your honor, and you'll not get a sight of 'em. You must go to work sort of natural like, and everything must be done just as if it were accident."

"And what plan would you suggest?" said his lordship.

"Why, I'll tell you, your honor," answered the servant. "You must get into the farm-house by accident, that is as though it was all unexpected to you, and any other house would do just as well. And now I will tell you how I would do it, if I was you. Now supposing I was you, and you was I—that is, my servant, your honor—you see?" said the fellow, laying the tips of his two fore fingers together emphatically. "I mount my horse, and you being my servant, you mount likewise, and we start off on the road to Cawver. When we get in sight of the farm-house, I point it out to you—no, you point it out to me—no, that's not it—I—no, you—that's it—you are my servant—now I have it—you point it out, and I clap spurs to my horse, and away I go rearing and plunging as though I hadn't the least control over the brute, and when I arrive opposite the house, I am thrown violently to the ground and severely injured. Then you come riding up with the greatest alarm, spring from your horse and cry out lustily for help. Then, as is quite natural, all the inmates will come rushing out to assist me—no, no! you!—to assist you in helping me into the house. You know something of surgery, and when I am put safely to bed, you can dress my wounds and for a day or two shake your head ominously to all questions, as though I was in the most imminent peril—ha, ha! And then I'll begin to mend. Or, vice versa!"

"Capital!" said his lordship. "We will attempt your stratagem to-morrow."

Accordingly, the young lord, accompanied by his servant, sallied forth on horseback the very next morning in the direction of Cawver. When they came in sight of the house, his lordship's horse began to rear and plunge, and by the time they arrived opposite, he was thrown with much force to the ground. The servant came up, and dismounting with a great look of trepidation, hallooed loudly for help. The next moment the door opened, and out ran the farmer, his wife, and their peerless daughter, whose name, if I mistake not, proved to be Elfrida. They were all extremely sorry that such a mishap should have befallen his lordship, at which his lordship smiled faintly; and then at the urgent solicitations of the daughter, who seemed at first sight to have conceived a violent regard for him, the farmer, with the assistance of the servant, speedily bore his lordship into the house, where he was soon after installed in a nice little room, in a nice little bed, with a nice little patchwork counterpane. For the two following days the servant, who by previous arrangement had acted in the capacity both of nurse and surgeon to his lordship, looked very grave and ominous, and though he steadily affirmed that his master was now quite comfortable, and like to get well, he did not forget to mention yet more frequently that he had had a most wonderful escape of it.

On the third day, he desired Elfrida to sit by his master while he rode over to Chesterfield to transact some business for his lordship. Accordingly, with a fluttering heart, poor Elfrida stole into the invalid's chamber, and seated herself demurely in a vacant chair. His lordship, who feigned to have just awakened from sleep, soon succeeded in engaging her in conversation, which was kept up without flagging till the servant returned from Chesterfield.

All night long the handsome form of the young lord figured wonderfully in the dreams of Elfrida. She fancied they were wandering together through flowery meads and up mountain paths, and every now and then his lordship would fall on his knees before her, and declare his love in the most ardent and persuasive language. At length they approached a little church embowered among trees—a sort of fairy-like grotto, such as the imagination alone pictures—and were met at the porch by an aged rector with an abundance of long white beard which reached quite to his girdle. When they entered the church, they found a bridal party assembled, composed of lords and ladies in rich attire, each holding a wreath of evergreen, interwoven with every description of pastoral flower, and all united in singing one of those sweet bridal hymns, still extant among the peasantry. After they were through, the rector came forward and placed the hand of Elfrida in that of his lordship. Then there was a prolonged shout which seemed to shake the roof of the old church. After the noise had subsided, the rector, in the most musical tones she had ever listened to, repeated the marriage ritual, which in a twinkling transformed the beautiful peasant into the young lord's wife. Then came a second prolonged shout, louder and more deafening than the first, which had the virtue to bring the walls of the church about their ears with a crash, when she awoke.

Day after day, Elfrida continued to sit by his lordship, till such time as the slight scratch on his elbow would permit of his hobbling about on a crutch, which his considerate servant had been thoughtful enough to procure for him. But his intentions, instead of being honorable, as might be expected of a great lord, are to be regarded as exceedingly wicked and infamous. Suffice it to say that poor Elfrida, after a little while, fell a victim to the wiles of her cunning lover. He soon tired of his prize, and his next aim was to furnish a suitable pretext for deserting her. How to do this, he hardly knew. He disliked encouraging a hope which he felt could never be realized. His heart was not yet hardly corrupt enough to suffer him to go up to London with fair promises on his tongue, while the black lie still rested on his soul. He loved Elfrida, but then he was sensible that his rich and powerful father would never give his sanction to an alliance of this description. So one day when they were seated together, he says to Elfrida:

"O, woe is me! O, cruel fate that I had not been born a peasant instead of a lord! Then there would have been no obstacle between us; no one to say unto me, 'do thou so!' I should have been more content with thee, my love, than the most fortunate king on earth with his pampered mistress, or his royal consort. I should have been far more happy, if you will believe me. Then might I have turned the glebe and scattered the grain, and gathered an abundance of everything which the simple wants of nature require. I should have been ignorant of the world; my ambition would have led to rustic sports and simple athletic exercises; my highest aspirations would have been low; and all the glitter and gewgaw, the whirl and excitement and false views of everything, as received through the medium of artificial life, would have been to me a sealed book. But now I am a slave—a slave to parental authority; from birth and education a slave to public opinion; a slave to hereditary titles, lust, and pampered pride. I cannot break the chain. It was forged by Satan for the first among my ancestors, and has descended to me unbroken. It comes down to me with my titles and hereditary honors. I love you, dearest Elfrida; but should I be so reckless as to marry one in your humble walks of life, however good or beautiful or worthy, my father would from that moment disinherit me forever. Then indeed should I be more an object of pity, in my ignorance of what even the most unlettered hind may know, than the meanest pauper that ever felt the weight and authority of a beadle's nod. No, dearest Elfrida, I can see no way at present of fulfilling my promise to you, without rendering us both the most wretched and miserable of created beings."

When his lordship concluded his harangue, poor Elfrida answered him through her tears, as follows:

"It would be selfish in me, my lord, to ask of you so great a sacrifice. But could you be happy in the society of one who loves you, with the comforts of life without its luxuries—one who would sacrifice everything in her power to minister to your ease and convenience—such a home have we to offer you, in case your father should think proper to withdraw from you his countenance."

"I see," answered his lordship, petulantly, "for the sake of being the wife of an impoverished lord, you would attire yourself in rags and subsist on air; but would you promise all this, were I a peasant, and as humble as yourself?"

"Were you a peasant, my lord," answered Elfrida, gently, "you would never have missed what you never experienced."

"True," responded his lordship, with a sarcastic smile. "Your love for the man is of that transitory quality which measures itself in accordance with the honors which his station confers. I may be rich to day and poor to morrow, but whatever fortune betide, I am none the less a lord—a peer of the realm. The opulence of a name has dazzled your simple heart, Elfrida. You do not love me for myself alone—of this am I convinced!"

"O, no," cried Elfrida, weeping, "you must not, you shall not be convinced of so great a falsehood! O, my lord, I have not the language to express to you the full measure of my sincerity—my love—my devotion!"

"True love," answered his lordship, "is ever at a loss for words. You should give me more convincing proof of it."

"Alas, alas! how shall I ever be able to give you more convincing proof than I have already?" cried the poor girl, in despairing tones. "O, my lord, have pity on me, and give me some test whereby I may show you the strength of my love, and dissolve forever this terrible doubt. I care not what you bid me do, so that I can do it. Anything—anything, my lord, to break this harrowing suspense."

"Well, my brave girl," said his lordship, smiling, "I have a test for you which shall fully satisfy my doubts, and make you in every way worthy of my love and esteem."

"O, name it—name it!" cried Elfrida, throwing her white arms around the neck of her imperious lover.

"I fancy you will not be so impatient," answered his lordship, "when you come to learn the condition I am about to impose."

Elfrida gazed into her lover's face with an earnest look of inquiry.

"You see the great limestone rock yonder?" said his lordship, pointing in the direction of Chatsworth. "Now you shall ascend to the summit of that rock, Elfrida, and leap down into my arms. I will stand below you in the Cawver road, and catch you as you descend."

For a moment the poor girl was stupified with surprise.

"Will you undertake it now?" said his lordship, laughing; "or will you wait and take into consideration the risk?"

"No!" said Elfrida, with a sudden look of determination. "If you require a sacrifice to prove the strength and sincerity of a peasant girl's love, you shall have it within the hour."

"Shall I lead the way?" said his lordship, with an incredulous smile; "or will you first advise with your friends?"

"No!" answered Elfrida, proudly. "He who seeks his own destruction needs no adviser. I am ready!"

His lordship, thinking it all farce, concluded there would be no harm in carrying the joke a little further; so he caught up his hat and led the way. When they reached the foot of the ascent, they separated, his lordship passing into the Cawver road, which was of solid limestone and as white almost as chalk; while Elfrida toiled wearily up the side of the huge mountain of rock, till she arrived at the summit, which was quite level, and covered an area of several yards.

Shortly after his lordship had taken up his position in the road, he saw the maiden approach and kneel down on the very verge of the rock. Still he considered the entire transaction in the light of a farce, and thinking she would expect him to call out to her to desist ere long, he only laughed to himself and remained silent. In a few minutes, Elfrida arose from her kneeling posture, and gazing down at her lover, for a moment, with a look of unutterable affection, she retreated back till she was lost to view.

"She has acted her part pretty well," thought his lordship, "and is doubtless somewhat disappointed to think—"

Before he could conclude his reflection, the poor girl came bounding forward, her silken hair floating in the wind, and her white hands clasped firmly together. In vain his lordship called on her to desist; in vain, in his frenzy, he strove to wave her back; but useless were all his endeavors. The next instant, she sprang from the terrible height into the open space above him. Sick at heart, and dizzy with emotion, he sank to the ground, and closed his eyes during that one moment of awful suspense. The next moment, he felt a pair of soft arms encircling his neck, and opening his eyes with a sudden expression of surprise, he beheld Elfrida kneeling before him, radiant with the sublimity of love and beauty, and perfectly unharmed.

At first, he could hardly credit his senses. Such an exhibition of love and devotion he had never dreamed of witnessing. How she could have escaped from instant destruction, seemed to him almost a miracle; and he resolved that nothing should prevent him from doing justice to one so worthy of his regard. Accordingly, with the approbation of Elfrida's parents, they were privately married soon after this, and sometime subsequently, on the death of his father, the young lord made public his marriage with Elfrida, and removed with her to London.

The secret of her wonderful escape is no doubt owing to the fact of the air having gathered under her skirts with such force of resistance as to partially buoy her up. The peasants look upon it as a miraculous interposition, rendered for the ostensible purpose of making her a great lady. The rock rises about centre ways in what is now called "Stony Middleton;" and just at the foot of it ("The Mountain," it is sometimes called), stands a little wayside inn, in front of which, creaking on its rusty hinges, is the sign of "The Lover's Leap," painted in large gilt letters.

News Glances.

A FULL GROWN "SCHOOLMARM."—A school-mistress is teaching school in the town of Lisbon, who stands, in her stocking feet, six feet seven inches. Her name is Wilkinson, and she is the shortest of a family of four children, three women and one man, whose united length is over twenty-eight feet six inches. "Giants in those days!"

DEBTS OF OUR CITIES.—The city of New York owes $14,000,000; Philadelphia, $10,000,000; New Orleans, $8,000,000; Boston, $7,000,000; Baltimore, $5,000,000; Cincinnati, over $2,000,000; St. Louis, over $2,000,000; Portland, Me., over $2,000,000; Mobile, $1,500,000; Charleston, near $2,000,000; and San Francisco, $1,500,000.

HOOPS.—Since the fashion of hoop-skirts has become so prevalent, the dealers in all kinds of hoops in Boston have advanced thirty per cent. on the article. The children consider this move as an infringement on their rights, and are about petitioning the city fathers for a *re dress*.

OHIO.—The great strides of this State are indeed wonderful, and few States in the Union can show so remarkable a progress. In 1835, its total valuation was mentioned with exultation as being $94,437,951. It is now rated at $866,929,982, ninefold increase in nineteen years.

HISTORICAL.—A clergyman, preaching at Pittsburg lately, urged his hearers, in warring against evil, to say as the English did when Napoleon invaded their country: "Strike till the last armed foe expires." He couldn't have been posted up in Abbott or Halleck.

THE FRANKLIN STATUE.—A perfect bronze statue of Franklin was produced at the foundry of the Ames Manufacturing Co., in Chicopee. It is the Greenough statue, intended for this city; it is eight feet high, and weighs 1600 lbs.

SUICIDE.—A young man named William Taylor, of Taylorsville, Tenn., fell into bad company and became intoxicated. On recovering, and hearing that his father was weeping for his son, he was so mortified that he hung himself.

BOOK SELLING AND PUBLISHING.—Boston is rapidly regaining her old position as the leading city in this branch of business. The trade of 1855 increased 25 per cent. over the average of the last five years, and is estimated at $5,500,000.

PATRIOTIC.—The New Orleans Continental Guards propose to erect an equestrian statue of General Washington in Lafayette Square, in that city. It will cost from $40,000 to $50,000.

THREE IMPORTANT THINGS.—The three things most difficult are, to keep a secret, to forget an injury, and to make good use of leisure.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION

MATURIN M. BALLOU,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

☞ Terms of the FLAG OF OUR UNION, $2,00 per annum, invariably in advance, being discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for. See further on last page.

☞ All persons who are subscribers to THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, whether in club or otherwise, who will enclose us $2, stating that they are on the subscription list of the Flag, shall receive BALLOU'S PICTORIAL for one year, commencing with the same date their Flag subscription commences.

A GREAT COUNTRY.

There is a prevalent impression in these diggings that the United States is a "great country," and people abroad are beginning to admit that there is some foundation for our bragging about its extent and importance. Very few persons, however—except those old fogies who muddle their heads over statistics,—are aware how great it is. The figures, however, are startling in their significance. R. S. Elliott, Esq., of St. Louis, lately lectured in our Representatives' Hall on this subject, and we propose to gather from his address some facts which will open the eyes of many of our readers.

The Northwest, including Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, and the territory of Minnesota, lying on some of the largest lakes and rivers in the world, embraces one hundred and fifty-six millions of acres—nearly twice the area of Queen Victoria's kingdom of Great Britain, and capable of being divided into thirty-one States as large as Massachusetts, with a surplus of land about large enough for another "Little Rhody."

The Central West embraces Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. Fifty-five years ago there were not fifty five thousand people in all that region, except the original owners of the soil, who have given way to the superior races, and now there are five millions of inhabitants. The census of 1860 will give them a population nearly double that of the "Old Thirteen," when those colonies went into the war of Independence. Their actual valuation is not less than two thousand five hundred millions of dollars! More than one-fourth of all the railroads in the United States are in Ohio, Indiana and Illinois.

The city of Chicago is instanced as a prodigy of rapid growth. In 1840 she had 4500 people; in 1855 she had nearly 85,000. St. Louis has also made a marvellous progress—marvellous to us "wise men of the East," but not surprising to the wise men of the West. The total receipts of grain at Chicago for the past year were 20,486,593 bushels. The city of Cincinnati, in the heart of the great Ohio valley, is the centre of a system of her own. The Ohio valley—by which we mean the area drained by the tributaries of the Ohio River—is one of the most fertile on the globe. It is also rich in mineral wealth—coal and iron. A project is now in agitation to make a slackwater steamboat canal of the Ohio River its entire length (a thousand miles), and the thing will be done. Manufacturing industry has already reached an almost wonderful extent and perfection in Cincinnati, considering that she is not yet threescore and ten years old. We may therefore expect Cincinnati to grow in the future almost as greatly as in the past. Louisville, Ky., with a population of 85,000, is one of the richest cities in the Union.

The Far West includes Missouri and Kansas. Here we have a territory about fifteen times as large as the State of Massachusetts. In Missouri, according to the report of Professor Swallow, the State geologist, the great coal field of the State covers an area of 26 000 square miles (more than three times the area of Massachusetts) of inexhaustible beds of coal! South of the Missouri River, extending from the Mississippi to the western line of the State, there is a metalliferous region, covering an area of at least twenty thousand square miles, with mines of iron, lead, copper, cobalt and nickel—the most valuable of the metals,—and having also the best itint sand for glass, and the best porcelain clay, yet discovered in the United States. And this immense district of metallic resources has the advantage of a soil more than sufficient to feed all the miners that can ever be employed in it, if they swarm as thickly as the miners in Cornwall, or the Harts Mountains! The population of Missouri in 1850 was 682,044. It is now not less than 850,000, and her valuation is $180,000,000. Her population would have been much greater, but for the exodus to Oregon and California. The people are adventurous and enterprising, and some of their best men are now on the Pacific.

But we know not where to stop in describing the greatness and importance of the region west of the Alleghany range of mountains. The future of this region is indeed dazzling, and particularly interesting to us of the Atlantic seaboard, when we reflect that our prosperity is intimately linked with the fortunes of the Great West, and that there is an inexhaustible market for our manufactures, and an inexhaustible supply of minerals and agricultural productions for our consumption.

PORTLAND CUSTOM HOUSE.—This fine building, which is of Quincy granite, will be completed in October next. The contract price was $153 000, and the appropriation $200,000, so that Uncle Sam can afford to fit it up handsomely.

THE LIGHT FANTASTIC.—There was such a rush at a late ball at the Tuileries, Paris, that some of the American ladies present had their dresses fairly torn off their backs.

GREAT SALE.—Up to March 26th. Ticknor & Fields had sold 28,000 copies of Longfellow's "Hiawatha," and the sale is still continuing.

BINDING.—Binding in all its varieties, and at the lowest prices, neatly executed at this office.

A TRUE HERO.

The world is deaf, dumb and blind to its truest heroes, while it lavishes laurels on sham greatness. But whenever an act of heroic daring occurs, it is the duty of the press to sound its praises. Let not, therefore, the name of JOHN T. HASKINS be forgotten. He was the engineer in charge of a passenger train on the Rochester and Niagara Falls Railroad, and he saved one hundred and fifty passengers from destruction or mutilation by his nerve and presence of mind. He was running rapidly upon an embankment, when a flange of one of his wheels flew off, and his practised eye warned him that the slight divergence of the head of the locomotive foretold the immediate precipitation of the machine down the precipice. It occurred to him that if he could break the coupling of the cars, he could carry the passengers through the crisis unharmed. The idea and the execution were with him almost simultaneous. He twitched open the throttle valve to its full extent, and suddenly gave the pistons a full head of steam. The engine bounded forward frantically, snapped the couplings, and rolled down the embankment, while the train shot safely forward on the rails, and was stopped by the breaks. It is pleasant to add that the engineer, though severely wounded by the fall of the locomotive, was not fatally injured. With the dignity of true heroism he refused a present of money which the grateful passengers tendered him, saying that he had simply done his duty, and that the safety of the passengers was his sufficient reward. He is emphatically what the Germans call a "golden man."

It is such deeds as his that excite our highest admiration. The pilot clinging to the wheel while his boat is in flames; the heroic girl launching the life-boat to the rescue of the wretched mariners; the angel abandoning the luxuries of rank to breathe the pestilential air of the Crimean hospitals—these are figures that live in our gallery of heroic men and women. And there are not so few of them as the world imagines. Their deeds are not recorded here, but elsewhere there is a record that embalms their deeds, and an angel voice to chant their praises in a better world.

MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE.

This flourishing city, situated in the northwestern corner of the State, has at present twenty thousand inhabitants, and has doubled its population within the last seven years. It has the "great inland sea," as Mr. Calhoun called it, on the west, and the railroad to the Atlantic on the east (which is nearly completed) to Charleston, S. C., and Savannah; also a railroad, which is progressing towards Louisville, Ky., on the north, and another, the Mississippi and Tennessee Railroad, south; then, in Arkansas, a road which will ultimately be the road to the Pacific. The exports this season will be 250,000 bales of cotton, and 400,000 bushels of grain, besides other articles of production. There are nine churches, and some which will compare well with those in any city; the finest Odd Fellows' hall in the West. By the Mississippi River it is eight hundred miles to New Orleans, four hundred and thirty to St. Louis, and eight hundred to Louisville, on the Ohio. This season there have been several thousand hogs slaughtered. For manufacturing business it has no superior in the United States, and few places with the same advantages. It will be in connection by railroad with Boston in 1858. The journey will be performed in three days. It will be twelve hundred miles by the Memphis and Charleston Railroad to Chattanooga, then East Tennessee and Virginia road, and thence through Richmond, Washington city, Baltimore, New York, Boston, and elsewhere.

WE ARE IN DANGER!—A New York correspondent of the *Algemeine Zeitung* opines that a thousand European regulars could easily overcome several times that number of American troops! and that by taking Long Island, and establishing batteries on Brooklyn Heights, the entire harbor of New York could be commanded with ease! He also thinks Boston could be taken in the same manner, by entering the city from Roxbury. With these two cities in their hands, he thinks the invaders could command half the United States! We wonder how long since that correspondent came. We hope he wont wander into the "rural districts," for the cows would certainly eat him up alive, he is so precious green!

ONE OR THE OTHER —"Have you any hose?" said a gentleman to a boy in a country store, the other day. "No, sir," replied the boy, "our hoes are all out, but we have excellent spades." It is something like the answer of the girl, who was asked how her mother did. "She's dead, I thank you; but father sells excellent eels!"

NEW DECISION.—Judge Gould, of Ulster Co., N. Y., has decided that a married woman committing theft or other crime in the presence of her husband, is not to be considered a party to the offence. Who shall say that the law does not guarantee woman's rights?

DIVORCES.—It is said that domestic troubles, leading to divorces, rarely occur in those families where the husbands invest largely in cashmeres and *moire antique*. Where there is no *moire antique*, more antics are played than otherwise.

ICE.—There are still large quantities of ice floating in the Atlantic. Shipmasters must keep their weather eye open, and constantly consult the glass.

HORSE RAILROAD.—The Cambridge horse railroad is certainly a "feature." It will soon be extended to Watertown.

LONG PASSAGE.—A vessel lately arrived in New York in 122 days from Glasgow.

PROVERB.—The man who speaks much does not always tell the truth.

EDITORIAL INKDROPS.

Persons have been poisoned by eating maple sugar made in brass kettles.

The Chelsea Continentallers have been very successful in their antique concerts.

Barclay's Panorama of Jerusalem has had a very successful run in Boston.

Mrs. Barrow, as "Minehaha," stands as the figure of Donald McKay's new clipper.

On the island of St. Helena they have succeeded in raising excellent wheat crops.

The ladies of Richmond, Va., received $858 as the proceeds of Edward Everett's lecture.

Mr. Saxe, the Vermont wit and poet, has returned home after a great lecturing tour.

At Hamilton, C. W., the mutilated body of a woman was lately found in a well.

Ripe strawberries were seen and eaten in this City at the close of March.

The ancient order of United Hibernians, in New York, go for a universal republic.

S. P. Allen, the leading surgeon of Washington, D. C., died suddenly of apoplexy, lately.

The Boston Total Abstinence Society goes in strongly for "moral suasion."

Ardiiti's new opera, founded on Cooper's "Spy," has been a great success in New York.

Lieut. Col. R. T. Burbank has been chosen to command the First Regiment Infantry, Mass.

The popularity of "Hiawatha," great as it is, has hardly yet commenced.

A chime of bells has been placed in Grace Church, Augusta, Me., to make music.

The spring business in the great western cities has opened with a rush.

The Panama papers urge their locality as a Pacific whaling station.

A medical student wished his father would be seized with a *remittent* fever.

The whole number of banks in the State of New Hampshire is forty-nine.

The U. S. government has purchased the Masonic Hall, Baltimore, for a custom house.

The bill to restore hanging in Wisconsin has been indefinitely postponed.

The Mississippi legislature have appropriated $20,000 a year for the State University.

The Virginia legislature will be convened in extra session in November next.

A young gentleman in Manchester, N. H., lately tried to poison himself for love.

The Teachers' Association of N. Orleans have voted that "fonografee" ought to be taught.

At a late fire at Hanibal, Mo., $14,000 worth of tobacco was smoked up.

VERY TRUE.

Alluding to the universal dissemination of literature in the United States, Dickens says: "There every child has its copy-book in its place at school; there every log house on the prairie has its shelf of books. Next to the church and the tavern, the printing press is set up in every raw settlement, and a raw newspaper appears, probably on wiley-brown paper, and mixed type, with Italics and Roman letters, capitals and diphthongs thrown together very curiously, but still a newspaper. Books are printed in the great cities, not by the thousand or fifteen hundred, but by the five or ten thousand, for the readers are reckoned by the million." We may remark, however, that many of the papers published in the newest settlements are handsomely printed, and evince no small degree of talent and enterprise. They are the recognized heralds and pioneers of the more refined arts and appliances of social life. The history of all our States furnishes conclusive evidence how largely these vehicles of instruction enter into the first plans in the establishment of the institutions of civilization.

DOING A WAITER.

At the Hotel Montreuil, in Paris, four rogues, not long ago, treated themselves to a sumptuous dinner, for which they did not mean to pay. Having called the waiter, and asked for the bill, one thrust his hand into his pocket, as if to draw out his purse; the second prevented him, declaring he would pay; the third did the same; the fourth forbade the waiter taking any money from either of them—but all three persisted. As none would yield, one said, "The best way to decide is to blindfold the waiter, and whoever he first catches shall settle the bill." This proposition was accepted, and while the waiter was groping his way around the room, they slipped out of the house one after another, and made their escape.

THE REASON WHY.—A celebrated vocal performer of awkward manners, told Charles Bannister that the cause of his melodious voice was his having swallowed some train oil when a boy. "Well," said Bannister, "it would not have hurt you to have swallowed a dancing master while you were about it."

A DISAPPOINTMENT.—Lokkowitz, the Austrian minister, who hated the Jesuits, gave out that he had made a bequest in their favor. On the reading of the will, a respectful preamble wound up, "I therefore bequeath to the society 80,000—nails towards a new building."

PATRIOTIC AND LIBERAL.—The N. Orleans Continental Guards propose to raise an equestrian statue of Washington, in Lafayette Square, to cost $30,000. Clark Mills offers to begin the work as soon as $10,000 are subscribed.

THE CAMELS ARE COMING.—The camels and dromedaries imported by the United States have arrived in Texas. There are thirty-three of these desert ships, and we shall see how they will work on Yankee soil.

DUEL.—A nephew of Gen. Todleben, the great Russian engineer, was lately killed at Berlin by a Russian engineer officer, with whom he had a quarrel about the war.

RAILROADS.—Somebody advocates covering railroads in winter to protect them from snow. Somebody else thinks it would cost too much.

A GOOD MAXIM.—Never open the door to a little vice, lest a great one enter with it.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL
DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION

For the present week embraces the following contents:

"Harmless Flirtation," a tale by Mrs. H. MARION SPARGO.

"The Midnight Ride," verse by WILLIAM LEGGETON.

"The Bride of Bagdad," an Eastern story by Dr. J. V. C. SMITH.

"Angeline," a monody by Mrs. S. E. DAVIS.

"Florence Nightingale," a poetical tribute by HENRY WARD.

"The Reclaimed Husband," a domestic sketch by Mrs. E. WILLMONT.

"An Aspiration," in verse, by HESBARD.

"The Lady's Vigil," a tale by EVA MILFORD.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

An emblematic representation of the State of Illinois.

A series of pictures illustrating East Indian modes of travel, giving first, a representation of a Mail-Cart in the Northwest of India; second, the Mode of Military Transportation in India; third, an engraving of a rude vehicle, a Native Hack Cab.

A large and effective picture, depicting the National Capitol at Washington, and covering two entire pages of the Pictorial.

Portrait of Hammatt Billings, the popular designer and artist.

View of Prize Medals awarded at the French Exposition to Hamilton Woolen Company and Amoskeag Manufacturing Company.

A characteristic delineation of a Planter's Home in Alabama.

A large design, illustrative of the Camel of the Desert and his Driver.

*** The Pictorial is for sale at all the Periodical Depots in the United States, at six cents a copy.

☞ One copy of THE FLAG, and one copy of the PICTORIAL, when taken together, for $4 00 per annum.

Foreign Items.

Madame Allan, an eminent French actress, is dead.

The Sultan, besides several horses, has sent to the Emperor Napoleon a sabre, mounted with precious stones.

General Williams being, by recent accounts, re-established in health, was shortly to leave Tiflis for Moscow.

Ali Pacha, the Turkish Plenipotentiary, has been charged by the Sultan to transmit to the Empress Eugenie and Queen Victoria two diadems in brilliants.

Prince Paskiewitch died worth 70,000,000 Polish florins (the florin is equal to 6d.), of which 30,000,000 are bequeathed to his only son, and 20,000,000 to each of his daughters.

The Archbishop of Vienna, on the proposition of the Municipal Council, has declared against the erection of a monument in honor of Mozart in a church in that capital.

The sea serpent is reported to have appeared in an inland fresh water lake, in the parish of Loche, Lewis (in the Highlands). It is said to be forty feet long, and to have swallowed a large blanket.

M. Unger, professor at the Vienna University, well known to students of botany and geology, has been denounced by the Vienna "Church Gazette," as bringing forward doctrines which do not agree with the Scriptures.

The bar at the entrance to the Bay of Archangel has been rendered impracticable for vessels of large draught, and gun and mortar boats of a small draught of water would be exposed to a cross fire from batteries on both shores.

Miss Fredrika Bremer, in the Swedish newspapers, acknowledges the liberal gift of 12,000 thalers, destined for the establishment of an asylum for old deserving governesses, and sent to her by a lady who wishes to remain unknown.

Dewdrops of Wisdom.

The virtue of prosperity is temperance; the virtue of adversity is fortitude.

Take care to be an economist in prosperity—there is no fear of your being one in adversity.

The world has no time to read books of promise, and very little to read those of performance.

Men are born with two eyes, but with one tongue, in order that they should see twice as much as they say.

A modest person seldom fails to gain the good will of those he converses with, because nobody envies a man who does not appear to be pleased with himself.

A writer of high reputation is often praised for his faults, because, in criticising acknowledged genius, men think it safer to praise than to censure.

One can never repeat too often, that reason, as it exists in man, is only our intellectual eye, and that, like the eye, to see, it needs light—to see safely and far, it needs the light of Heaven.

It is not what we earn, but what we save, that makes us rich. It is not what we eat, but what we digest, that makes us fat. It is not what we read, but what we remember, that makes us learned.

All reasoning must take something for granted, but disputants often take different things for granted, and don't try or don't know how to explain their premises; so that men are continually arguing without convincing.

Let you be ever so pure, you cannot associate with bad companions without falling into bad odor. Evil company is like tobacco smoke; you cannot be long in its presence without carrying away a taint of it.

Joker's Budget.

What articles of attire do twins resemble? A pair of kids.

It has been ascertained that the man who held on to the last was a shoemaker.

One asked why B stood before C? Because, said another, a man must B before he can C.

A person who had been listening to a very dull address, remarked that everything went well—especially the audience.

Question for Counsel.—Whether a man suffering under extreme weakness could be cured by power of attorney?

Mrs. Siddons once frightened a shopkeeper into fits, by the solemn and *useful* manner with which she drawled out, "Will—this—calico—wash?"

An advertisement lately appeared in the Dublin Evening Post, headed "iron bedsteads and *bedding*." We suppose, according to this, that the linen is of *shed*-iron.

An English paper says that there is an organ in Worcester, Mass., which can be heard more than three miles! It is worked by a high pressure steam engine, and supplies music for all the churches in the town.

According to the New Haven Register, the man who wrote "*kaupby*," for coffee, has sent his hat to the chap who dropped a letter into the New Haven post office, a day or two since, directed to a person in "St. Terville" (Centreville).

A nobleman observing a large stone lying near his gate, ordered his servant, with an oath, to send it to purgatory. "If," said the servant, "I were to throw it to heaven, it would be more out of your lordship's way."

A friend asked a Dutchman what kind of a winter he thought we should have. The Dutchman, drawing himself up with an air of philosophic equanimity, and an oracular snap of the eye, said, "I link she will be verry cold dis winter, or verry *hot—one of dem both!*"

Quill and Scissors.

The Providence Transcript states that the new custom house to be erected in that city, is under contract to be completed by the 4th of March, 1857. Its cost is to be about $200,000, and if it is crowned with a dome, which it is now thought will be added to the building, the expense will be increased to $230,000.

Count Orloff, encountering Marshal Barsguay d'Hilhers in the saloons of the Tuileries, is said to have observed, smilingly, "Ah! M. le Marshal, it is you. I think, who lately visited our country?" "Yes, count," replied the marshal, "it is I who had the pleasure of leaving a card at Bomarsund."

Mr. Howard, First Secretary of the British Legation in Paris, is about to marry the English beauty, Miss Sinead. Mr. Howard's first wife was the celebrated Baltimore beauty, Miss McTavish, so well known in the gay world of Paris a few years ago.

On the 17th of February last, three horsemen ascended the narrow winding staircase of the bell tower of San Marco, in Venice, and after reaching the summit, returned to terra firma in safety. The feat attracted a large crowd of spectators.

Bayard Taylor's "Journey to Central Africa," and "India, China and Japan," have been translated into German and published at Leipsic. A French translation of the former work has also appeared in the feuilleton of the *Journal des Debats*.

In the village of Middletown, New York, a few weeks since, a young man, acting as bartender in one of the hotels, was killed by swallowing a pint of whiskey and cider mixed. He died in two hours after reaching home.

The Buffalo Republic says that there are over 600,000 bushels of wheat, and more than 60,000 barrels of flour, now in that city; a quantity larger than ever before known at this season of the year.

Captain Charles Robbins, for many years master of the House of Correction at South Boston, has been appointed Warden of the Massachusetts State Prison, in place of General Jones, recently deceased.

Both Houses of the General Assembly of Virginia lately passed, by acclamation, the Ladies' bill for the purchase of Mount Vernon by the patriotic exertions of the women of the United States.

Accounts from Constantinople state that the allies continue building bat-barracks on both banks of Constantinople. The English are surveying ground for the formation of a camp in Asia.

Immense quantities of war material are accumulating at Portsmouth, England. 90,000 shells for the use of the mortars are ordered to be got ready, and all the powder depots are overflowing.

Upwards of 10,000 fish, reared by the artificial process, have been turned out into the waters of the river Dee. The spawn from which they were raised was laid down in boxes a year ago.

Henry Bulwer, in his work on France, avers that among the slaughtered conscripts of Napoleon's fields, the bodies of females were found after almost every battle, in male attire.

A company in East Tennessee has been formed for the purpose of manufacturing saltpetre. Large quantities of the nitrous earth are to be found in that section of the State.

A project has been started in New York to get up a company to insure against loss of life or bodily injury from railroad or steamboat accidents—a protection very much needed.

The Detroit Advertiser says the forests of Michigan yield an income of $3,500,000 per annum; and this year it is likely to reach $5,000,000. Vast forests still remain untouched.

In the town of Middle Haddam, Conn., one million of ice and sleigh bells are made and sold annually. A large portion of all the work done in the place relates to bells.

The Brooklyn Young *Men's* Christian Association have adopted a rule admitting ladies to membership! Can gallantry go further?

It is Mr. Niblo's purpose to bring home with him, on his return from Europe, a numerous and well selected opera company.

Wendell Phillips says that no Yankee is satisfied with the truth unless you prove it is worth eight or ten per cent.

The Lowell Fire Department is composed of eight engineers, four hundred firemen, and eight fire companies.

Mad dogs are said to have made their appearance at Lagrange, Missouri, and bitten several persons.

Albert Smith, the London author, is to marry a daughter of the Keeleys, noted as comedians.

Marriages.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. John Dunning to Mrs. Sarah Richards.

By Rev. Mr. Winkley Mr. Hiram A. Sherman, of Newton, to Miss Clara A. Bradley.

By Rev. Mr. Olley, Mr. John M. Clark to Miss Annie Hodgdon.

By Rev. Mr. Wells, Mr. Edward Thomas, of Newton, to Miss Mary Jane Newman.

By Horace G. Barrows, Esq., Mr. John Taylor to Miss Henrietta Garvin.

At East Boston, by Rev. Mr. Clark, Mr. Frederick J. Kelley to Mrs. Susan F. Robinson.

At Somerville, by Rev. Mr. Pope, Mr. Oliver J. Davis to Miss Susan Pray, of Sanborn, Me.

At Melrose, by Rev. Mr. Fessiden, Mr. Alfred A. Mudge, of Boston, to Miss Abbie B. King.

At Lynn, by Rev. Mr. Brooks, Mr. Edward E. Ingalls to Miss Eunice H. Eaton.

At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Mills, Mr. John Howard Keith, of Cleveland, Ohio, to Miss Mary E. Foster.

At Beverly, by Rev. Mr. Fletcher, Mr. John M. Putnam to Miss Martha A. Brown.

At Lowell, by Rev. Mr. Chapin, Mr. Francis H. Putnam to Miss Mary E. Lawrence.

At Bridgewater, by Thomas Cushman, Esq., Mr. Benjamin N. Hodges to Miss Abigail G. Phelps.

At Northampton, by Rev. Mr. Marvy, Mr. Franklin Waters, of Chester, to Miss Maria Mann.

At Pittsfield, by Rev. Dr. Porter, Mr. Norris Shawsket to Miss Josephine Beck.

At Burkeport, Me., Rev. Davis Forster, of West Newbury, to Miss Harriet Louise Darling.

Deaths.

In this city, Mr. Charles Sherburne 42; Mr. Samuel H. Stanford, 29; Miss Susan Child, 82; Mrs. Hannah White, 82; Mrs. Martha Brown, 86; Mr. Ebenezer Robbins, 82; Miss Charlotte Lynch, 66.

At Charlestown, Miss Susana Jones, 19.

At Roxbury, Mr. Lot Young, 74; Mr. Robert C. Campbell, 45; Mrs. Waitstill Green, 102.

At Cambridge, Mrs. Grace Warren, 46.

At Jamaica Plain, Miss Mary H. Wentworth, 22.

At Brookline, Widow Lucy White, 81; Mr. John Morland, 77.

At Salem, Widow Ruth Mugford, 85; Widow Sarah Webb, 77.

At Medford, Mr. Samuel W. Lane, 35.

At Danvers, Mrs. Sarah, widow of the late Mr. Amos Mudge, 74.

At Quincy, Mr. James Williams, 50.

At Newburyport, Capt. Moses Merrill, 70; Mrs. Sarah A. Piper, 35; Miss Mary S. Kimball, 15.

At Fairhaven, Mrs. Sally Jenney, 74.

At Lunenburg, Mr. Solomon Turbell, 96.

At Fitchburg, Miss Helen M. Sheldon, 24; Mrs. Elizabeth Goodnow, 59.

At Rochester, Mrs. Lydia Chandler, 94; Mrs. Sally Crapo, 53.

At New Bedford, Mrs. Augenet Clark, 59.

At Yarmouth, Dr. James Hedge, 83.

At Greenfield, Mrs. Margaret Bray, 40; Mr. James Farell, 30.

At Newport, R. I., Stephen T. Northam, Esq., 87.

At New Haven, Conn., Mr. Preserved Wheeler, 87.

At New York, Dr. Thomas Boyd, 84.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

TO M—— H——.

BY PELHAM.

'Twas not thy graceful form,
Thy fair and lovely face,
Thy melody of voice,
Thy step of queenly grace;
'Twas not thy witching smile,
Thy brilliant, sparkling eye,
Thy finely chiselled mouth,
Or brow, or forehead high;
But 'twas the undefined
And "stainless know" within,
A heart so pure and free
From aught of earthly sin;
So like the heavens above thee,
That taught me thus to love thee.

[Translated from the French for The Flag of our Union.]

LOVE AND PRIDE:

—OR, THE—

BELLOWS MENDER OF LYONS.

BY WILLIAM C. FOSTER.

[It will add interest to the following remarkable story, to refer to the fact that it is the one upon which Bulwer founded his celebrated play, known as *The Lady of Lyons;* and what is still more interesting to mention, that the tale, so romantic and peculiar, is also founded upon fact.—*Ed. Flag of our Union.*]

My history is composed of the most singular circumstances. Condemned by my birth to vegetate among beings of the most abject class, my elevation was the work of human malice. That vice of society, which ruins so many fortunes, laid the solid foundation of mine. I am married, rich and happy, from having been the docile instrument of an extraordinary act of mischievousness. I was born in one of those little hamlets, situated in the neighborhood of Montelimart. My father had many a fruitless effort to raise himself above indigence. His last resource, in his old age, arose from the exercise of a talent which he had acquired in his youth, that of a bellows mender. This, though not a very brilliant occupation, was the profession to which I was destined, at that time of life when I was thought capable of earning my livelihood. Satisfied, at first, in following my business under the inspection of my father, nature had endowed me with dispositions for industry; and I soon rivalled, and even excelled, my master. Ambition led me to imagine that my talents were fitted for a wider sphere; and some of my excursions, as far as the gates of Montelimart, succeeded beyond my wishes. After furnishing all I could spare for the support of my father's old age, I found means to amass a large sum of money, which enabled me to take a journey to Lyons. I made my appearance in that great city, amply provided with such articles as belonged to my profession, and the public places and most crowded streets soon resounded with my cries. Young, dexterous and well-shaped, I sold my wares rapidly, and became a favorite.

Returning home late one evening to my little garret, which served me for a warehouse as well as a lodging, I was accosted by four well-dressed young men, who seemed to be taking an evening walk. We were in one of the most solitary streets of the quarter of St. Claie. They threw out a few pleasantries on the lateness of the evening, accompanied by sarcasms on my profession of bellows mender, which I answered in a style of raillery, at which they appeared surprised. I saw them look at each other significantly, and immediately after heard them say "This is our man!" I own that these words made me start—finding myself alone in the dark without any means of resistance, and at the mercy of four stout young men. What would become of me? was the reflection that occupied my mind, when one of them, who guessed at the cause of my terror, soon dispelled it by accosting me in a tone of affability: "Perourou," (the name which the people of Lyons give their bellows menders), "Perourou," said he, "you probably have not supped, nor we either. Our supper is ready; will you go with us? Our intention is to do you more good than you have any idea of. Come and sup with us, and after supper we will talk with you. Do not be afraid, we are gentlemen; if you will not enter into our schemes, we shall only require your promise of strict secrecy, which you will run no risk in keeping.

There was something in the voice of the person who spoke to me, as well as in the proposition itself, so seducing, that I accepted the offer without hesitation. My new acquaintances, after having made me cross several streets, brought me into an apartment elegantly furnished, where we found six other young men, who seemed to have been waiting for them impatiently. A short explanation took place concerning me, and we sat gaily down to supper. I had the honor of making the company laugh by some of my arch observations, and confirmed them in the good opinion with which it was necessary they should be impressed before they would come to a further explanation. The servants withdrew, after placing the desert on the table, and during five minutes a profound silence prevailed throughout the assembly, which till then had been sufficiently noisy. At length he who presided at the repast addressed me in the following words:

"The ten persons with whom you have supped are all citizens of Lyons. We are engravers; our joint profits, with what we obtain from our families, afford us an easy independence; and we also acquire by our talents a considerable share of reputation. The happiness we have enjoyed has been lately disturbed by love on the one side and pride on the other. In the street of St. Dominic lives a picture merchant, who is himself an ordinary personage, but who has a daughter eminently beautiful. The city of Lyons, extensive as it is, contains not another master-piece worthy of being placed on a level with this charming creature. Possessed of every accomplishment, and endowed with every grace, all her amiable qualities are shaded by one single defect, and that defect is, insupportable pride. Vain of being the object of general admiration, she fondly imagines that none ought to aspire to her hand under the rank of a prince. Her father, who is a tolerable good connoisseur in painting, but has a very limited understanding with respect to everything else, has entirely spoiled her by adulation, amounting almost to idolatry. While her looking-glass, and habitual incense from all around her, have raised self-love into vanity, and vanity into arrogance, and the most lofty disdain towards all who are not decorated with the marks of opulence, or the distinctions of rank. I had the honor—for why speak in the third person when it is my own history I am relating?—of engaging her notice from my connections in business with her father. Sometimes she accorded me the singular privilege of giving me her hand at a ball, or of attending her to the theatre. These slight favors turned my brain; I thought myself beloved because I was preferred to others, and ventured to unfold my pretensions to her father, who lent a favorable ear to my offers. Indeed, my family, profession, fortune and situation gave me a right to presume that my alliance would be agreeable to the young lady. Judge of my surprise when, on the first overture respecting marriage, the insolent girl, in my presence, answered her father in a tone of the most haughty arrogance, 'Do you think, sir, that a young woman like me was born for nothing better than a poor engraver?'

"I confess that this insolent and impudent remark extinguished every sentiment of love in my bosom; and love, when fled, is easily followed by a desire of revenge. 'My friends,' I exclaimed, to those who now surround us, 'this disdainful girl has, in my person, committed a general outrage against us all. Espouse my cause, and let us form such a plan as shall serve to show her that she has not indeed been born to the honor of becoming the wife of an engraver!' Such is my history. Do you feel sufficient confidence, and think yourself endowed with sufficient discretion, to merit being raised above your present condition? Beneath the abject covering which now disguises you, it is easy to discern that you have some soul, and no common share of understanding. Will you venture to become the husband of a charming woman, who, to attain perfection, wants only her pride mortified and her vanity punished?"

"Yes," answered I, with firmness; "I perfectly comprehend the part which you would have me act, and I will fulfil it in such a manner that you shall have no reason to blush for your pupil.'

The following day we conferred together, as we did ever after, with extreme precaution. During a whole week I bathed two hours, morning and evening, to get rid of my tinkering skin and complexion. In the interval of bathing, the most elegant hair-dresser of Lyons gave my long tresses the form most in fashion. My ten friends furnished me with assortments of the finest linen, and the most elegant dresses for the various mornings and were soon so fond of their work that we became inseparable. Almost their whole time was employed in giving me instructions. One taught me to read, another to write, another some notions of drawing, a few lessons in music—a little, in short, of everything; so that, during three months, my time, thoughts and attention were wholly absorbed in my studies; and I soon perceived that this kind of life suited perfectly my taste. I felt the utmost ardor to carry to perfection these first rudiments of my new education, which had become my chief delight—nature had furnished me, not only with a disposition for study, but with a memory so retentive that my young friends observed with some astonishment the rapid progress of their disciple.

At length they thought me sufficiently accomplished to carry their projects into full execution, and I was removed from my little closet to take possession of a spacious suite of apartments in one of the first hotels in Lyons. The bellows mender disappeared altogether to make way for the rich Marquis of Rouperou, principal proprietor of the mines of Dauphiny. It was under this title that I presented myself to the picture merchant, as a purchaser who paid little attention to a few louis, provided he met with pieces that were originals. A most profound imitator of my experienced tutors, I had learned to twirl my seals, display my repeating watch with an air of indifference, show the brilliant which I wore on my finger, or handle an elegant snuff-box, on which was painted a fancy portrait, which I modestly observed was the picture of a beloved sister.

I was desirous of pleasing, and easily succeeded. But it was not enough to impose on the father; in order to fulfil the views of my patrons, the daughter must also be deceived. While I was meditating on this point, the picture merchant gave me notice that he had just received a superb collection of engravings from Rome; requesting me to call the same morning, since he would not expose them to sale till I should have made my choice. I hastened to his house, unconscious of the fate that awaited me. Instead of being received, as usual, by the father, it was the daughter, whom, till then, I had in vain wished to see; or rather it was Beauty itself which stood before my eyes in the form of that lovely young woman.

A new world unfolded itself before my eyes; I soon forgot my borrowed part; one sentiment absorbed my soul, one idea enchained my faculties. The charming Aurora perceived her triumph, and seemed to listen with complacency to the incoherent expressions of passion which escaped my lips. That interview fixed my destiny for ever! All difficulties vanished before the new emotions which animated my bosom. A single instant inspired me with the resolution of devoting my days and nights to study, in order that, possessed of the advantages of knowledge, I might be less unworthy of the happiness to which I aspired. Every morning I found some excuse for a visit to the picture merchant; every morning I had some new trinket to exhibit, or some object of taste on which to consult Aurora. It was the season of flowers, and I presented her every day with a bouquet composed of such as were best adapted to her style of beauty. My friends often joined the sonnet, or madrigal, of which I obtained the credit; and I sometimes surprised the fine eyes of this charming young woman fixed on mine with an expression of tender approbation.

Six months passed in this manner; the engravers being too desirous of complete revenge to hazard losing it by precipitation. Every evening they required an exact account of my conduct, with which they were so well satisfied that they furnished me with funds far beyond the wants of the personage I represented. I received at length a formal invitation from the picture merchant to a fete which he gave in the country, and of which I was led to think myself the hero. The vain beauty behaved so respectfully towards me, loaded me with such distinguished attentions, was so lovely, so enchanting —whether as mistress of the fete or his brightest ornament—that the moment we were alone, impelled by an emotion which I was unable to suppress, I threw myself at her feet, and made her an offer of marriage. She heard me with modest dignity, while a tear of joy, which dimmed for a moment, her fine eyes, convinced me that pride was not the only feeling which agitated her heart! Yes—I discovered that I was beloved!

After having deceived the daughter with respect to the person, it was necessary to blind the father with respect to the fortune. This was not difficult. Possessed of little penetration, he gave full credit to the story which I related of myself. My father, I told him, lived retired at his seat in the farthest part of Dauphiny. Old age and the gout deprived him of the hope of accompanying his son to the altar; but he gave his consent to the marriage; and so much the more willingly as the fortune of his house had been considerably increased, from the interest which his son had early taken in the mines of his province. I dwelt, also, with secret complacency, on the words *without portion*, alleging that my fortune was too considerable to think of augmenting it by that of a wife. Before the end of this conversation, we were perfectly agreed; for I left him absolute master of the conditions. All I required was the avoiding any expensive and unnecessary eclat, as both the family of Aurora and my own were at a distance from Lyons. The marriage, it was fixed, should take place on that day fortnight; and I undertook to arrange all the preliminary articles.

Having, with some difficulty, obtained permission to leave Aurora, I flew to Lyons, informed my friends that the drama was hastening to a conclusion, and related all that had passed. They overwhelmed me with so many compliments that had I only possessed a slight tincture of vanity, I might have believed they rallied me. The event, however, proved that they were serious, and their revenge on the haughty Aurora was as expensive as it was singular. That very morning they sent, in my name, to my mistress the most magnificent bouquet—a watch, bracelets, jewels, laces of exquisite beauty, formed a present sufficiently splendid to complete the deception both of father and daughter. Towards the end of the week, the contract of marriage was framed, in which I took care to sign my real name—a precaution which, you will perceive, hereafter was not useless to me. In this contract I consented to certain stipulations in my bride's favor, which I was very far from thinking would one day prove so much to her advantage. I deceived her; but—Heaven is my witness—it was not without remorse!

I conducted my mistress to the altar. At the moment when she pronounced the vow, to live and die with me, a sudden shivering ran through all my veins—a general trepidation seized my whole frame—I had never had so near a view of villany. I should infallibly have sunk to the earth if a flood of tears had not come to my relief; while the silly crowd, who surrounded us, mistook this last cry of expiring virtue for an excess of sensibility. Aurora herself was deceived; I felt, from the warmth of her caresses, that the vain personage was ambitious of appearing as much my mistress as my bride. The engravers, in order to reward me, as they said, for the ability in which I had acted my part, permitted me to prolong the enchantment for a fortnight. Excess of love awhile banished from my mind the fatal catastrophe which was fast approaching. At length, after various conferences with the implacable enemies of Aurora, it was decreed that we should set out on our journey to my native soil.

In proposing to my wife an excursion, of which I foresaw all the cruel consequences, I could not prevent a deep sigh from escaping me, to which the credulous Aurora paid no attention. Her lively imagination was elated with the idea of travelling by my side, in a magnificent equipage, attended by her woman, escorted by servants on horseback, and finding means of indulging at once her pride and her love—ideas excusable enough at eighteen, which was the age of my wife. She was delighted in making preparations for a journey, the approach of which was to me distraction. More than once, I implored my patrons for mercy! The obligations I had entered into were laid before me. We began our journey.

Two of my ten friends served me as couriers, while he who had paid his addresses to Aurora, pushed his impudence so far as to offer himself to me as coachman. It is true that a wig dexterously stuck on his hair, and a plaster fixed on his right eye, so disguised him that even his friends did not recognize him. Three others of the young engravers gaily rode behind the carriage as lackeys. The other four, detained at Lyons by their affairs, consoled themselves in not being of the party by making the travellers promise to write to them from every place where we should stop to rest ourselves; and this we did frequently, travelling only by short stages. Scarcely could these wicked domestics contain their mirth, when they heard my vain bride, who always spoke to them with haughty distance, addressing herself to me in terms the most respectful, inquiring the name of my chateau, the extent of my estates, and of the seigneurial rights of hunting and fishing—dwelling with complacency on my mines, which, to her lively apprehension, were at least equal to those of Peru. On subjects such as these, turned our conversations, when, three leagues beyond Montelimart, we perceived the narrow lane which led to a village, the steeple of which appeared distant from the high road. This poor village, alas! was mine. The critical moment was fast approaching!

We passed over lands that certainly were not mine, and after three hours long and difficult travelling, our coachman, too well instructed, stopped the carriage at the door of a miserable hut. An old man, clad in the homely garb of poverty, was on the threshold, taking the air. In this old man I discovered my venerable father! I have neither words nor colors with which I can trace this original scene! Figure to yourself the trembling Perourou on one side, the haughty Aurora on the other, and six insolent young men ceremoniously placing her on an old broken chair, with most insulting bursts of laughter, and, with pleasantries the most aggravating, refining on their vengeance, and her mortification! Figure to yourself the pretended coachman, taking off suddenly his plaster and his wig, and *tu-toying** Aurora with an air of superiority.

"No, madame," said he, in a tone of inconceivable disdain, "no, you have not been born or brought up for an engraver; such a lot would have done too much honor to your birth, to your fortune, and to your choice. A bellows mender is worthy of you, and such is he, madame, whom you have taken for your husband!"

I was about to answer, but the pretended coachman was already on his seat; the five others threw themselves into the coach, choked almost with laughter, and we soon lost sight of the whole equipage.

I expected that the catastrophe would be singular enough; but less terrible than it proved! My engravers, while they taught me my part, had kept their own secret. They carried off everything with them, like the scene-shifters of a theatre, who lock up the decorations after the piece is finished. As for the unfortunate Aurora, she saw nothing of this. Her former lover continued speaking when she no longer heard or felt! The ruffians left her, when they departed, in a deep swoon. Judge of my situation! Recollect that I had now acquired a considerable share of sensibility and delicacy from the instruction I had received, and the manner of life to which I had lately been accustomed. Alas! in those cruel moments I trembled alike at the thought of losing the woman I adored, or of seeing her restored to life. I lavished on her the most tender cares, and almost breathed wishes that my cares might be unavailing. Ah! my friend, I thought for a long time that my dreadful vows were heard. Nevertheless, after bathing copiously the pallid face of the lovely and delicate Aurora with water, she resumed for a moment the use of her senses. Her frenzied eye met mine. "Monster!" she exclaimed, and her senses again forsook her. I took advantage of this second swoon to remove her from the sight of the spectators—composed chiefly of women with withered countenances, who might have passed for witches—and laid my plaintive bride on a little fresh straw, with which a compassionate neighbor strewed the flock-bed of my old father. When she had again recovered the use of her senses, I commanded every one to leave us, in order to have no witness of the explanation, and of the dreadful story which I was fated to relate to my wife.

When I had disembarrassed myself of the crowd, I took Aurora in my arms—I pressed her to my heart—my scalding tears bathed her cheeks. At length she opened her eyes and fixed them on me—mine shrunk from her glance! The first use she made of speech was to request me, under pretence of taking repose—which we both wanted—to defer till the next day the hateful detail of the plot of which she had been the victim. I yielded to her request and withdrew, leaving with her the niece of the *cure* of the parish, whose kind offices she seemed to receive with thankfulness.

How shall I describe to you the horrible night which I passed! Fallen at once from a situation the most splendid, in a miserable village which afforded no kind of resource, and in possession only of a few louis—while my adored wife, in the morning of life, accustomed to constitute, as well as share, the pleasures of society, had been led by an infernal plot to the cabin of an old man—respectable, indeed, but in a state of wretched indigence—and I had been the chief instrument of her misfortunes, the accomplice of the atrocity with which she had been treated! What would become of her? In what manner could I act that might least wound her feelings? Would she think herself sufficiently rich in my attachment and tenderness? O, no! I felt all the horrors of her destiny, and my own—yes, of my own! I had, indeed, no reverse of fortune to undergo; I was born to wretchedness, and nurtured in want; yet my agonized heart—a heart but too susceptible—told me that I had a sorrow to sustain, perhaps the most cruel in the sad catalogue of human evils! I had not merely to bear indifference from that object in whom I had placed every hope of happiness, to see that heart alienated, whose tenderness was so necessary to my existence, to read coldness in that eye on whose look my peace depended. I recollected, with distraction, that it must be my doom, not merely to support indifference, but aversion! I was not merely to become an object of contempt, but of horror! I was not merely to feel the bitterness of being hateful to her I loved, but to know I deserved her hatred; to find that the sharpest of all my sorrows was the poignancy of remorse. Had not I been the fatal cause of all she suffered? Had not I darkened all the fair prospects of her life, and overwhelmed her with intolerable anguish? Had not I, wretch that I was, planted a dagger in her heart? Perhaps she would find a refuge from me in the grave—perhaps her last breath would curse me—or, if she pitied and forgave me, could I endure her cruel mercy? Would not her pity and forgiveness be more poignant than reproach—more terrible than her curse?

Such were the reflections which absorbed my mind, and made a torture of the bed on which I had thrown myself to pass the night. The horror of my situation was increased by a continuance of violent rains, which laid under water the cross road leading to Montelimart, and rendered it impassable for several days. This circumstance prevented me from sending to the town, as I intended, for a carriage, to convey Aurora to a lodging less fitted to mortify her pride.

You will easily imagine that I sent every minute to inquire respecting the situation of my unfortunate bride. The answers were satisfactory. My attentions were received with gratitude. I was repeatedly told that the next day I should be admitted to see her; that she had made up her mind, that she should display a firmness of character which, in the cruel circumstances in which she was placed, would astonish and confound her vile enemies. All these things, which were repeated to me with an affectation of secrecy, did not lull me into perfect security. That terrible to-morrow affrighted my soul; I dreaded the fatal interview more than death! I was meditating how to elude it, under different pretences, when the door of my chamber opened, and discovered to me my interesting bride. I threw myself at her feet, and seizing one of her hands, bathed it with tears. She looked at me in this humiliating posture for some time in silence; then raising me up, addressed me with all the dignity of pride, which nothing could vanquish:

"You have deceived me," said she; "it is on your future conduct that my forgiveness shall depend. If any generous sentiment remains at the bottom of your heart, if you are desirous of not making me altogether miserable, do not take advantage of the authority which you have usurped. Mademoiselle offers me a decent retirement at her uncle's house. I have accepted it; because it accords both with my situation and my duties. You may visit me there whenever you please. We will concert together the means of extricating ourselves from this horrible situation, and of provided for our future support. Rely on my honor for the care of defending your own.

Man is a confiding creature. A kind word from the woman we love is sufficient to soften all the misery she occasions. Notwithstanding the cold disdain of Aurora, I gave her credit for her meekness, without reflecting that it would have been more natural for her to load me with reproaches. During five days my confidence in Aurora's forgiveness continually augmented; and while I traced out to her the plan of life which love suggested to me, I saw her more than once smile at the picture! Could I have imagined that, after so many sufferings, the cruel Aurora had one in reserve for me which surpassed all the rest?

One morning (it was the eighth after our arrival in the village) I awakened, after having passed a happy night, soothed by delicious dreams. The day was already far advanced, when my father, reproaching me for my indolence, gave me two letters, which he had just received for me. The handwriting of both their directions was unknown to me. The first I opened was from my friends at Lyons. "We are satisfied with you," said they; "and after having taken exemplary revenge of the haughty Aurora, it is just that we should remember the friendship with which your talents and your conduct have inspired us. You were not made to live in the class among which you were born; and we offer, with pleasure, the means of extricating yourself from all your embarrassments, without wishing that you should find your gratitude at all burdensome, since we can serve you without any inconvenience to ourselves. You know that we pushed almost to madness the idea of revenge on Aurora; and we had each made the sacrifice of a thousand crowns to carry our plan into execution. You have not expended the third part of this sum. The rest is deposited in the house of M——, a notary well known in our city, who will remit it to you on your simple receipt. The jewels, linen, lace and clothes, with which you amused the credulity of a foolish father and a haughty girl, will likewise be delivered to you. Take care of Aurora. We have put her into your arms, in the hope that you will never give us occasion to regret that we pushed our vengeance too far. Whenever you shall form any undertaking, command the credit, the friendship and the recommendations of your friends at Lyons."

"Well!" exclaimed I, joyfully, "half of my embarrassments have vanished; I shall be able to provide for my Aurora."

The letter which I next opened, and which had been directed by a stranger, was from Aurora herself. "Some remains of pity," she observed, "which I still feel for you, notwithstanding your conduct towards me, pleads in your favor, and induces me to inform you that at the moment you receive this letter I shall be at the gates of Lyons. It is my intention to enter a convent, which will rid me of your hateful presence. I am an honorable enemy, and declare that you must hold yourself ready to appear before every tribunal in France, till I have found one who shall do me the justice to break the chains of your victim, and punish the traitors by whom she has been sacrificed."

I shall not attempt to paint the violent and conflicting emotions which agitated my mind at the perusal of this letter. One moment I determined to pursue Aurora, to detain and force her to pay due obedience to a man whom fate had made her husband, the next I felt the most invincible repugnance to persecute a woman whom I so ardently loved. The project, also, was impracticable. Aurora had already departed several hours. I must have sent for horses from Montelimart, or walked hither on foot; either would have required so much time that I renounced all hopes of overtaking Aurora, and only thought of contriving the means of leaving a place which served to recall so many bitter remembrances. I had still as much money left as would enable me to reach Lyons. Before my departure, I interrogated severely the *cure* and his niece, with respect to their knowledge of my wife's escape. Threats and entreaties were lavished in vain. I could obtain no satis
When I reached Lyons new embarrassm
plexed me. How should I begin and p
my researches? Could I go from co
convent without being suspected; or m
quiries that would not finally place me in
geon? In this dilemma I had recourse
engraving friends, who advised me to
till the plan to break the marriage sh
come the popular topic of comment.
sented to this plan, and disposing of the
they had made over to me, found myself
session of a thousand crowns. I entere
bold speculation, which fortunately was
ful, and augmented my capital threefold.

While my commercial operations were
forward in profound secrecy, my story
the topic of public animadversion. The
id Aurora, from her monastic retreat, hu
fulminations against me and my confe
This want of address, on her part, in at
the engravers, besides obtaining the laugh
her, was of infinite advantage to me, by th
me in the background; while my frien
so much the more awake to my interes
was the best mode of defending their ow
rora insisted, peremptorily, that the m
should be annulled. The abbess of the
in which she had found an asylum, and w
respectable for her birth, as well as he
qualities, moved heaven and earth in he
Her father brought together his protecti
friends, and everything threatened us
defeat, the shame of which would have fa
the engravers, and the weight of it on
They amused themselves in seeing the p
Aurora made the instrument of her punis
but no smiles can smooth the brow of w
and severe justice. Already a warrant
me had been issued, from which I had on
saved by the obscurity in which I lived
affair was brought before the courts wit
rapidity.

Aurora had requested guards to escort
the tribunal in which our marriage was
declared null or valid. She made her
ance, arrayed in all her charms, which w
heightened by the semblance of the mo
fected modesty. Never had any cause
bled so immense a crowd of spectators.
ra's counsel pleaded for her with so mu
quence that the tears of the auditory son
forced him to suspect his declamation.
emotion of the judges indicated what
a sentence they were about to pronoun
which the feelings of the audience were
fully inclined to sanction, when the en
who had sought to be the husband of
seeing that no counsel arose to plead on
of the question, requested permission fr
judges to enter on my defence. This
was immediately granted, that it might
said I had been condemned unheard. I
my history in a few words, in which noth
exaggerated, except the eulogium with w
honored me. He owned, nevertheless, t
singular circumstances of my marriage
authorize the judges to declare it null a
He hesitated for a moment. The most
silence reigned throughout the assembly,
turning to Aurora, he added, in a firm
voice, "No, madame, you are not the
the bellows mender, but nature destines
become the mother of his child! Do yo
to become free, while your child is cond
to the infamy of illegitimacy?"

"No, no!" exclaimed the trembling A
bursting into a flood of tears; and the
audience, weeping in sympathy with her,
in the exclamation of "No, no!"

This cry of maternal tenderness decis
cause. The judges declared that the m
was valid according to the contract, in w
had signed my true name. They wisely
that my wife should be permitted to resid
convent she had chosen for her asylum,
tion was laid on the husband, under certa
alties, neither to reclaim, pursue nor mol
in any manner whatever; and the child
be baptized under my name, but that sh
no time have a right over its education.
left the audience in triumph. The cr
corted her to the convent, crowning he
eulogiums for the tender sacrifice which
just made.

Such was the result of this celebrate
during the decision of which I was little
ease. Obliged to hide myself from every
took advantage of my not being known
among the crowd, and no one conjecturing th
bellows mender, of whose history they h
much, wore decent clothes, fine linen, and
personage in no mean circumstances. Ag
to the dictates of my own feelings, and
formity to the advice of my friends, I dete
to quit Lyons, and employ my funds in
other place, where my name and histo
unknown. I made choice of Paris for m
decided—where, amidst an immense pop
I could most easily escape observation, a
where I could employ my capital to most
tage. There, indeed, the poor bellows
er, with a hundred thousand livres, and th
of his friends at Lyons, established a com
house, which succeeded beyond all his ho

My correspondence with Lyons was ne
happy accident gave me the means of re
essential service to one of the first h
houses of that city. The proprietors
their boundless gratitude towards me, and
ed me so earnestly to pay them a visit, th
desire of yielding to their solicitations, to
with the secret wish of breathing the sam
Aurora, led me to accept of the invitat
made my appearance in Lyons with ca
servants and fine clothes—none of whic
at this time borrowed. Fortune had so w
fully labored for me, during five years,
had the means of supporting a magnificen
of living. Without appearing to attr
slightest importance to the subject, I som
talked of the celebrated trial which had
ested the city of Lyons five years before
terminated my question by cursorily lea
what had become of Aurora and her fami
learned that her father had lately died
losses on the one hand, and ostentation

* *Tutoying* and *thouing*, as inferiors are addressed.

reflections which absorbed my
a torture of the bed on which I
elf to pass the night. The hor-
lon was increased by a continu-
ains, which laid under water the
g to Montelimart, and rendered
r several days. This circum-
l me from sending to the town,
or a carriage, to convey Aurora
fitted to mortify her pride.
y imagine that I sent every min-
specting the situation of my un-
The answers were satisfactory.
re received with gratitude. I
ld that the next day I should
ee her; that she had made up
he should display a firmness of
in the cruel circumstances in
aced, would astonish and con-
omies. All these things, which
me with an affectation of se-
l me into perfect security. That
affrighted my soul; I dreaded
ew more than death! I was
o elude it, under different pre-
door of my chamber opened,
o me my interesting bride. I
er feet, and seizing one of her
with tears. She looked at me
g posture for some time in si-
ng me up, addressed me with
f pride, which nothing could

eived me," said she; "it is on
luct that my forgiveness shall
generous sentiment remains at
ur heart, if you are desirous of
ltogether miserable, do not take
e authority which you have
oiselle offers me a decent re-
arde's house. I have accepted
cords both with my situation
You may visit me there when-
We will concert together the
ng ourselves from this horrible
provided for our future support.
e for the care of defending your

ding creature. A kind word
we love is sufficient to soften
o occasions. Notwithstanding
f Aurora, I gave her credit for
ithout reflecting that it would
atural for her to load me with
ing five days my confidence in
ness continually augmented;
ed out to her the plan of life
ted to me, I saw her more than
picture! Could I have imag-
so many sufferings, the cruel
in reserve for me which sur-
?
it was the eighth after our ar-
ge) I awakened, after having
night, soothed by delicious
y was already far advanced,
reproaching me for my indo-
ero letters, which he had just
The handwriting of both their
nknown to me. The first I
my friends at Lyons. "We
you," said they; "and after
mplary revenge of the haughty
that we should remember the
dich your talents and your con-
ed us. You were not made to
among which you were born;
pleasure, the means of extri-
om all your embarrassments,
hat you should find your grati-
some, since we can serve you
venience to ourselves. You
ashed almost to madness the
on Aurora; and we had each
of a thousand crowns to carry
ution. You have not expend-
of this sum. The rest is de-
use of M——, a notary well
, who will remit it to you on
rt. The jewels, linen, lace and
n you amused the credulity of
d a haughty girl, will likewise
you. Take care of Aurora.
nto your arms, in the hope that
ve us occasion to regret that
ngeance too far. Whenever
ny undertaking, command the
elp and the recommendations
Lyons."
med I, joyfully, "half of my
have vanished; I shall be able
Aurora."
h I next opened, and which
by a stranger, was from Au-
Some remains of pity," she
I still feel for you, notwith-
nduct towards me, pleads in
nduces me to inform you that
a receive this letter I shall be
Lyons. It is my intention to
which will rid me of your hate-
m an honorable enemy, and
ust hold yourself ready to ap-
tribunal in France, till I have
ll do me the justice to break
victim, and punish the trai-
has been sacrificed."
mpt to paint the violent and
s which agitated my mind at
letter. One moment I deter-
Aurora, to detain and force her
nce to a man whom fate had
the next I felt the most in-
e to persecute a woman whom
. The project, also, was im-
ra had already departed sev-
st have sent for horses from
alked hither on foot; either
ed so much time that I re-
e of overtaking Aurora, and
triving the means of leaving
d to recall so many bitter re-
d still as much money left as
o reach Lyons. Before my
ogated severely the *cure* and
ect to their knowledge of my
reats and entreaties were lav-

ished in vain. I could obtain no satisfaction. When I reached Lyons new embarrassments perplexed me. How should I begin and prosecute my researches? Could I go from convent to convent without being suspected; or make inquiries that would not finally place me in a dungeon? In this dilemma I had recourse to my engraving friends, who advised me to be quiet till the plan to break the marriage should become the popular topic of comment. I consented to this plan, and disposing of the articles they had made over to me, found myself in possession of a thousand crowns. I entered into a bold speculation, which fortunately was successful, and augmented my capital threefold.

While my commercial operations were going forward in profound secrecy, my story became the topic of public animadversion. The intrepid Aurora, from her monastic retreat, hurled her fulminations against me and my confederates. This want of address, on her part, in attacking the engravers, besides obtaining the laugh against her, was of infinite advantage to me, by throwing me in the background; while my friends were so much the more awake to my interests, as it was the best mode of defending their own. Aurora insisted, peremptorily, that the marriage should be annulled. The abbess of the convent in which she had found an asylum, and who was respectable for her birth, as well as her good qualities, moved heaven and earth in her cause. Her father brought together his protectors and friends, and everything threatened us with a defeat, the shame of which would have fallen on the engravers, and the weight of it on myself. They amused themselves in seeing the pride of Aurora made the instrument of her punishment; but no smiles can smooth the brow of wrinkled and severe justice. Already a warrant to arrest me had been issued, from which I had only been saved by the obscurity in which I lived. The affair was brought before the courts with great rapidity.

Aurora had requested guards to escort her to the tribunal in which our marriage was to be declared null or valid. She made her appearance, arrayed in all her charms, which were still heightened by the semblance of the most unaffected modesty. Never had any cause assembled so immense a crowd of spectators. Aurora's counsel pleaded for her with so much eloquence that the tears of the auditory sometimes forced him to suspend his declamation. The emotion of the judges indicated what kind of a sentence they were about to pronounce, and which the feelings of the audience were powerfully inclined to sanction, when the engraver, who had sought to be the husband of Aurora, seeing that no counsel arose to plead on my side of the question, requested permission from the judges to enter on my defence. This request was immediately granted, that it might not be said I had been condemned unheard. He gave my history in a few words, in which nothing was exaggerated, except the eulogium with which he honored me. He owned, nevertheless, that the singular circumstances of my marriage would authorize the judges to declare it null and void. He hesitated for a moment. The most solemn silence reigned throughout the assembly, when, turning to Aurora, he added, in a firm tone of voice, "No, madame, you are not the wife of the bellows mender, but nature destines you to become the mother of his child! Do you desire to become free, while your child is condemned to the infamy of illegitimacy?!"

"No, no!" exclaimed the trembling Aurora, bursting into a flood of tears; and the whole audience, weeping in sympathy with her, joined in the exclamation of "No, no!"

This cry of maternal tenderness decided the cause. The judges declared that the marriage was valid according to the contract, in which I had signed my true name. They wisely decreed that my wife should be permitted to reside in the convent she had chosen for her asylum, injunction was laid on the husband, under certain penalties, neither to reclaim, pursue nor molest her, in any manner whatever; and the child should be baptized under my name, but that I should at no time have a right over its education. Aurora left the audience in triumph. The crowd escorted her to the convent, crowning her with eulogiums for the tender sacrifice which she had just made.

Such was the result of this celebrated trial, during the decision of which I was little at my ease. Obliged to hide myself from every eye, I took advantage of my not being known to glide among the crowd—no one conjecturing that the bellows mender, of whose history they heard so much, wore decent clothes, fine linen, and was a personage in no mean circumstances. Agreeably to the dictates of my own feelings, and in conformity to the advice of my friends, I determined to quit Lyons, and employ my funds in some other place, where my name and history were unknown. I made choice of Paris for my residence—where, amidst an immense population, I could most easily escape observation, and also where I could employ my capital to most advantage. There, indeed, the poor bellows mender, with a hundred thousand livres, and the credit of his friends at Lyons, established a commercial house, which succeeded beyond all his hopes.

My correspondence with Lyons was active. A happy accident gave me the means of rendering essential service to one of the first banking houses of that city. The proprietors testified their boundless gratitude towards me, and pressed me so earnestly to pay them a visit, that the desire of yielding to their solicitations, together with the second wish and earth in her cause. with the apartment which she had destined for me. A slight spring undrew a curtain, which concealed two fine pictures. We drew near to survey them. "O Enchantress!" we exclaimed. The first picture represented the village scene near Montelimart. I was kneeling at the feet of Aurora, who repulsed me with disdain, throwing a look of indignation on the coachman-engraver. Underneath was written, "*Love conquered by pride.*" The second picture represented the scene of the present day. My ten friends at table; Aurora placed between her happy husband and the coachman engraver, and appearing to smile on both. At the bottom was written, "*Pride conquered by love.*"

[Written for The Flag of our Union]

TO KATE.

BY SAMUEL H. ACHESON.

O, brighter far than the dark blue sea,
Are the eyes that beam with love for me;
O, sweeter far than the wild bird's song,
Is the voice that murmurs "Love, stay not long!"
O, purer far than earth's purest snows,
Is the bosom with love that for me now glows,
And dearer than all in earth or air
Are the lips that for me now more in prayer.

O, earnest and fond are the thoughts that rise
From her pure soul to heaven's bright skies;
O, soft is the hand as the softest down
Which to mine in love's chain shall soon be bound,
And dear is the heart which to mine shall be clasped,
There to be cherished while life shall last,
And heard shall my voice be early and late,
Asking a blessing on "my own dear Kate."

[Written for The Flag of our Union]

MOUSAN THE MISER.

BY DR. J. V. C. SMITH.

In the time of Sultan Mahmoud the Second, there resided at the southern extremity of Pera, the Frank quarter of Constantinople, a little round-shouldered man named Sacton Mousan. He had a sprinkling of Armenian blood coursing through his veins, but how it got there he was never exactly informed, nor did he care to ascertain, since he much preferred to be considered a genuine Turk, to being suspected to be a hybrid.

Although Mousan apparently smoked as much Syrian tobacco from the first call of the muezzen to morning prayers till sunset, as his neighbors, he found opportunity of gathering more from observation from sunrise to sundown, than any half dozen of his neighbors. It was a governing maxim with Mousan, that idleness brought no profit. This was a discovery made in early life, by observing that people who were continually counting their beads, and saying "Allah, Allah mac-shan," without using their fingers in some regular employment, never became rich.

Sacton Mousan had no inheritance but poverty. "If that had any marketable value, then," said he, "I should have been worth as much as the Capudan Pasha. However, poverty would not buy kabobs at the cook shop, nor pay the sultan's taxes when the collector passed through the district. So Sacton Mousan determined very early in the commencement of life, to deal in realities. Gold could be seen as well as felt.

"Poverty also," exclaimed Dinfar, the cobbler, who had a stall next door, in the course of their conversations on the ways of the Giouars, "can be seen and felt, too; but one inspires energy, and when seen, commands respect, while the latter gives first the blues and then the very blackness of despair."

When people are disposed to be argumentative, there are plenty of topics to expend breath upon. It was so with Dinfar. He wanted to talk most of the time, or at least, he had something to say as often as he took the pipe stem from his lips. Mousan was sufficiently civil to be neighborly; still he had an inward conviction that it would not pay. "For," said he to himself, a hundred times over, "money can enter a harem, poverty can't squeeze into a caravansera."

"Money, ay, money, is power: it will move hearts or mountains; it is a magic wand in a fairy's hand; it's a panacea for trouble; it's a friend in need; it's a polyglot, speaking all languages; it's a sword to command the faithful; a lever to remove obstacles. Money could be exchanged for a pashalic; it can build a palace and stock it with houris. I will have money—yes money, money—money is power."

Thus soliloquized and thus cogitated Mousan the miser, yet he had not a para, nor a way of raising a piaster, which is five times more.

Mousan had not smoked up to his six and twentieth year with both eyes shut. No, he examined the Frangees, as they passed by the doorway where he generally sat, observing the art of the tight garments, strangling cravats and boots too small for their infidel feet. "Poor devils," he frequently whispered to himself, for there are some sentiments it will not answer to give to the wind in Stamboul, even though uttered in the language of the Koran. "Poor devils!" and there was no one harmed in thinking of them, and sympathizing in their unhappy destiny. After taking another whiff, the imitation amber mouth piece was withdrawn, and while the smoke, like the turn of a corkscrew, was twisting its way towards the zenith, he would still repeat, for the fortieth time, "poor devils," as group after group were ascending the steep avenue from Tophana, near the great fire tower. "You can get money, but no share in the Paradise of the Prophet."

Somebody may have the vulgar curiosity to know how a smoking philosopher of this calibre could have existed in the thicket of Constantinople twenty-six years, without having moved a finger to better his condition. How do a million of dogs subsist in the same great city? There is a problem for the wise ones. Nobody knows, but it is generally believed they have a poor living, as they depend principally upon charity. A man is worth more than a dog—who knows but he may have kabobs from that source? At the well Zem zem, whoever is thirsty may quench his thirst without thanking anybody. Mousan might have gone there, had he a desire.

Not knowing how Mousan was fed or clothed, no further speculations are needed on that point. Those who choose may reflect upon that theme for themselves.

"How do those vile unbelievers obtain so much cash?" This was another in the series of undertone questions propounded and answered by the same suppressed voice. "If I inquire," said Mousan, "possibly the secret may be revealed. It costs nothing to make the experiment."

Next morning, while at his usual post between the lintels of a rickety door, squatted on the threshold, watching the ascending smoke from the pipe bowl just as he had done from the beginning, a respectable old man in plain garments of civilization, with long white locks floating over a high coat collar, and in small clothes, came along deliberately, without seeming to be startled at the beautiful housings of the Tefterdar's Arabian steed, then being led by an Albanian groom, or the huge arobe, rumbling onward towards the sweet waters of Europe, filled with Circassians from the palace of Murad Pasha, the chief of police.

This amazed Mousan. "He must be stupid, as some of the Christians are said to be in their own country, not to raise his optics even for a single look," thought Mousan.

Withdrawing the pipe from the deep furrow in the under lip where it rested steadily, and following the old Giouar a few rods, he came up in a modest manner, saluting him in the name of the prophet. "May a hundred moons shine on your bald head," said Mousan, respectfully, salaaming as he pronounced the benediction, with an ease and grace befitting a master of ceremonies. Neither surprised nor alarmed, the old gentleman stopped, and, with a courtesy characteristic of a well bred stranger, heard what Mousan was pleased to repeat.

"May you have a hundred sons to strengthen your house," said Mousan, "and all your daughters be the delight of pashas with three tails, O, happy howadji," again spoke Mousan, with additional salaams.

"Pardon me, for so it is written in the book of books, the wise shall forbear and teach the ignorant. Jews, the accursed race, gather gold and silver under circumstances both oppressive, and to the short-sightedness of your slave, unrighteous; but by the decrees of Allah, who can avert, the Armenian becomes a banker to the sultan, with the privilege of appearing in front of a mosque which he despises, in a scarlet fezzan tarbousch. The Greeks gather pearls, amber, precious stones, and buy majaumes, the eating of which makes the fairest ladies sigh for them; but here am I, who never avenged a fly, with nothing but my wits. Tell me then, reverend gray beard, how to become rich."

"Is that all you require?" said the man in small clothes. "Procure a wife; he that hath a good one hath a great treasure," and on he walked, leaving Mousan in a brown study.

That afternoon Mousan strolled through the bazaar, hoping to discover cheap slaves on sale, fully resolved to purchase on credit, as he had no money. On the way he saw a yellow slipper, with a long turn-up toe, lying under the window of a magnificent house. The panes of glass, as customary in all cities inhabited by the faithful, were admirably secured by gilded bars.

On close inspection, a note was found forced up into the extremity of the shoe. He turned the corner, and read on satin paper, these lines:

"Whoever finds this, will find something worth having, by standing under the middle window of the third story, in the alley, at the ninth hour this night; may the prophet's cloak cover the believer who ventures on the expedition."

"Mashallah!" said Mousan, audibly; "*nothing venture nothing have*, say the Giouars."

Punctual to the moment he was on the ground, occasionally looking upward, because it was natural to conjecture that blessings would come down from above if they came at all. He was not long kept in suspense—slowly, a dark body began to descend. "Should it be a millstone," said Mousan, "and the cord breaks, the sultan will lose a subject." In another instant it reached the pavement. With proper caution Mousan gave it a rigid scrutiny before laying a finger too near the lion's mouth, if lion it should be. To his delight, it proved to be a splendid cloak, lined with ermine. "Very well—there is nothing bad in that," thought the receiver. In another moment, down came another equally huge mass. "Another cloak, perhaps," was in his mind. It was not a cloak; no, it was something with a beating heart. Mousan untied the cord, and in doing so felt a terrible throbbing.

Again he said to himself, "If this is a man, the sooner he is disposed of, the quicker I shall be relieved of a burden."

No chronicle has explained how he ascertained that the second installment was a woman.

"Mousan," was whispered in his great ear, "I trust all to you. Conceal me in your box at Pera."

There was no alternative. If he had run, why, the patrols would have arrested him; the dogs would have howled, and the woman have been sent to the bottom of the Bosphorus, the next day, in a red bag.

Like two friends away they sped to his quarter in Pera. He had no light. However, they groped through the door, and Mousan told her to occupy the further corner, while he kept on the lookout in front. As soon as the sun was up, he was in raptures with the gazelle eyes, the blushing cheeks, the raven locks, the henna stained nails, the gorgeous dress, the diamond bracelets and the noble figure and divine gracefulness of his charge. "Lucky dog am I," he was continually repeating; "a wife free of all cost."

At the eleventh hour, the sun having darted his bright rays into the dome of the holy mosque of Achmet the Slayer, heralds were everywhere offering rewards for the sultan's daughter, the beautiful Sameri el Yatan, or the Peacock's Eye. She had been promised to a favorite of her exacting father. By suppressing a rebellion in Albania, he had immensely gratified the disposer of heads, who, to encourage others with an expectation of gaining what he would not have to give, another princess, the Peacock's Eye was designed to be the recompense of his bravery.

Sameri, through the lattice that barricaded her windows, saw a sprightly youth daily practising horsemanship, whom she looked upon till she was miserable, on those days when the young man omitted the customary exercise.

Of course she could not know who he was, or where he could be found. She was resolved to make a bold effort to find him, on hearing the announcement made the very day on which her slaves let her down from the window, that she had been beaswowed on the Albanian victor.

Women are more courageous than the rougher sex. When dangers thicken, and where their affections are concerned, men sink into utter insignificance in comparison with the fertile expedients they promptly devise.

After hearing the herald and the promised reward, she was fearful of being betrayed, having discovered by what she saw and heard, of the poverty of her protector. Her energy of character never forsook her; not a nerve refused its office.

"Mousan," she said, for he had told her all about himself, and how he wanted to be rich, "find the young horseman, which you may easily accomplish by going to the place of exercise. Bring him here, but without declaring the object, or betraying me. Be faithful, and you shall be rich."

Precisely as directed, the horseman was at the accustomed exercise. Mousan approached him in the name of the prophet. "Born of happiness —come with me that you may learn a lesson to teach to others."

Surprised as he might be with a salutation so odd from a shabby fellow like him, the young man said, "*nothing venture nothing have*," and followed. He made his horse fast to a post near the house of the dancing dervishes, and then kept close on the footsteps of Mousan to his door.

The Peacock's Eye thrilled with emotion. He was more marble-like than he had been before. He fell on his knees, a position a Mussulman never takes, except in one of the postures of prayer. "Princess!—who can you be but the princess? All Stamboul is in commotion. The guns at the arsenal are proclaiming the sultan's grief at the loss of his daughter, and messengers are threading their way round and round, proclaiming that the princess has been borne away by the angels on the wings of the clouds. To me she was betrothed! You are the fair Sameri el Yatan. I am Schakmet Pasha." She swooned in his arms! Mousan stood looking on, half petrified with fear, but somewhat vexed with himself for having brought in a rival. "Matters are coming to a climax," he mumbled to himself. "This is not getting a wife after all, scot free; but what is to be done? If I drive him out, the Peacock's Eye will have no eye for me. Certainly they love one another."

While these reflections were running through his mind, Schakmet gave directions how to proceed: "Go to the palace of his majesty the sultan, and ask what shall be the reward of him who restores the Peacock's Eye."

Difficulties were many and vexatious before the question reached the kislaraghas; but it did, and was carried forward to the apartment of the concealed. Said the sultan through the stentorian lungs of the same black messenger: "Whoever returns the princess, shall be the Tefterdar of the royal household. His salary shall be a million piasters per month. He shall be quartered at the royal kiosk at the north of Scutari, and have a roast fowl on Friday, from the kitchen of his master."

Mousan's head swam with visions of delight. Being tremendous hungry, the idea of a roast fowl seemed to have a visible form, dancing just before his eyes, all the way back to his locked up prizes. With a royal guard, himself adorned with a blue scarf and a chain of gold dangling from his neck to the saddle knob, the procession wended onward to the palace. They arrived safely at the gate of felicity, which opened upon its brazen hinges and permitted the princess and Schakmet to enter, and then closed again as though moved by an invisible power.

Just as he had been promised, all the conditions were fully and perfectly realized. He sat on a silken divan at the entrance of the treasury department, with the high sounding distinction of Tefterdar or treasurer. With such means at his disposal, "now," said Mousan, "I will have a wife to my liking."

Besides visiting the slave market in person, servants were directed to ransack not only the public bazaars, but all the private establishments of the Jew brokers, for something rare and extraordinary in the line of female beauty.

"Anybody may find an ugly woman. It would be ridiculous in me, with ample means, to purchase a homely commodity, therefore my wife shall be handsome." Word was brought that a beauty of the rarest character was to be had, unsight unseen, for the sum he received for one month's wages in the treasury. At this he cried out in dignified rage, striking an open Koran with his jewelled fist, "It is too much. I would not give that for the Princess Sameri el Yatan!"

Before the words had died in the air, a door opened in the wall, and the princess herself stood before him. "Then you would not part with a month's wages for the daughter of the sultan!" Abashed, his head fell upon his breast.

"Schakmet Pasha died in battle. His last message to me, and my royal father sanctioned it, was this: 'Be the loving wife of our deliverer, Sacton Mousan the treasurer.' I sent the message, and fixed the price to try your heart. Money has destroyed the good intentions that were honorable to you in poverty. You will never see my face again."

While bewildered with his rash folly, a slave announced a successor to the Tefterdar, who squandered all his property, and Sacton Mousan returned to the old doorway in Pera, as poor as he left it. Those who passed by, as long as he lived, used to point him out to strangers, saying, "There sits Mousan the miser, who preferred money to a good wife, and therefore lost a great treasure."

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION.

[LATE GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.]

This paper presents, in the most elegant and available form, a weekly literary melange of notable events of the day. Its columns are devoted to original tales, sketches and poems, by the BEST AMERICAN AUTHORS, and the events of the domestic and foreign news; the whole well spiced with wittand humor. Each paper is *beautifully illustrated* with numerous accurate engravings, by eminent artists, of notable objects, current events in all parts of the world, and of men and manners, altogether making a paper entirely original in this country. Its pages contain views of every populous city in the known world, of all buildings of note in the eastern or western hemisphere, of all the principal ships and steamers of the navy and merchant service, with fine and accurate portraits of every noted character in the world, both male and female.

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

1 subscriber, one year $2 00
4 subscribers, " 10 00
10 " " 20 00

Any person sending us *sixteen* subscribers at the last rate, shall receive the seventeenth copy gratis.

*** One copy of THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, and one copy of BALLOU'S PICTORIAL, together, $4 per annum.

Published every SATURDAY, by M. M. BALLOU, Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Streets, Boston.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

SPRING.

BY MRS. E. T. ELDREDGE.

Bright, beauteous Spring! I hail thee with a greeting
Less rapturous than in childhood's sunny days;
Thy radiant charms though hallowed, seem more fleeting;
My eyes are tear-dimmed while I sing thy praise.
Young, tender violets fill the air with fragrance,
Sweet emblems of a modest maiden's worth,
And bird-songs cheer me with their low, glad cadence,
Leading my thoughts beyond this sin-stained earth.

And even the caged canary now is singing
A gladder measure, low, and sweet and clear;
Young children half blown buds and flowers are bringing,
To tempt the captive bird. Bright Spring is here.
Sweet, trembling warbler, could the King of kings
Bear thee aloft toward the unshadowed skies,
Then wouldst thou sing of joy dear freedom brings,
Though many a captive in his bondage dies!

Bright sunbeams on the streamlet now are resting,
Wooing the lily-buds to ope their leaves;
Within their watery home they share the blessing
A Father's hand round every flowret weaves.
Now lightly sailing down the crystal river,
A pleasure-boat bears on a merry train,
The white sails in the soft breeze gently quiver;
O, happy childhood! all unknown to pain!

Sweet, balmy Spring! I'll strive to feel thy gladness,
For thou wert ever dear unto my heart:
A pitying Father gently soothes my sadness,
And heaven seems nearer whilst my teardrops start;
Cool zephyrs kiss my brow with fond devotion,
No traitorous sting lurks in the soothing kiss!
My heart is bounding with a glad emotion,
And I am yielding to a rapturous bliss.

Now dear ones from the angel-land are near me,
Soft, dimpled hands are resting on my brow;
Come, ye bright seraphs, every morn to cheer me,
For Spring's young flower-buds ope with beauty now;
And I am dreaming of fair flowers in heaven,
Made vernal by a Father's smile of love:
I'll shrine earth's flowers till earthly ties are riven,
Till fadeless garlands crown my brow above.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE MERCHANT'S APPRENTICE:
—OR,—
NO SALARY THE FIRST YEAR.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Mr. Benjamin Goodwin took his eldest son to the great city, for he had obtained, as he thought, an excellent place for his boy. It was a situation in the store of Mr. Andrew Phelps. Mr. Phelps was one of the heaviest merchants in the city; a dealer in cloths of all kinds, descriptions, qualities, and quantities. He had no partner, for he was one of those exact, nervous men, who want no second party in the way. It was near noon when Mr. Goodwin entered the merchant's counting-room, leading his boy by the hand.

Gilbert Goodwin was fourteen years of age, rather small, but with energy of mind and body sufficient to make up for it. His brow was high and open; his eyes of a mild, yet deep, dark blue, and his features all made up for truth and goodness. His father was a farmer, honest and poor, who had given his son a good education, and who now wished his further education to be of a practical kind. A friend had once advised him to make a merchant of the boy—it was the village school-master,—and the advice came not as flattery, but as the result of a careful consideration of the boy's qualities. By the assistance of other friends, this opportunity had been found.

"I have brought my son, Mr. Phelps, as we had arranged, and I am sure you will find him punctual and faithful."

"Ah—master Gilbert—ahem—yes—I like his looks. Hope he will prove all you wish."

As the merchant thus spoke in a matter-of-fact sort of way, he smiled kindly upon the boy, and then turning to the parent he resumed.

"Have you found a boarding place for him yet?"

"Yes, sir, he will board with his uncle, my wife's brother, sir."

"Ah, that is fortunate. This great city is a bad place for boys without friends."

"Of course, sir," added Mr. Goodwin. "And yet I hope you will overlook his affairs a little."

"Certainly, what I can. But of course you are aware that I shall see little of him when he is out of the store."

Mr. Goodwin said "of course," and there was a silence of some moments. The parent gazed down upon the floor a little while, and finally he said:

"There has been nothing said yet, Mr. Phelps about the pay."

"Pay?" repeated the merchant.

"Yes, sir, what pay are you willing to allow my son for his services."

"Ah," said Mr. Phelps, with a bland smile, "I see you are unacquainted with our customs. We never pay anything the first year."

"Not pay?" uttered Mr. Goodwin, somewhat surprised. "But I am to pay Gilbert's board, myself, and I thought of course you would allow him something for pocket-money."

"No, we never pay anything the first year. If you were going to send your son to an academy, or a college, you would not expect the teachers to pay him for his studying?"

"No, sir."

"Just so it is here. We look upon an apprentice here as a mercantile scholar, and for the first year he can be of little real benefit to us, though he is all the while reaping valuable knowledge to himself. Why, there are at this moment fifty youngsters whose wealthy parents would be glad to get them into the birth you have secured for your boy."

"Then you pay nothing!" said the parent, rather sadly.

"Not the first year. That is our rule. We will teach him all we can, and at the end of that time we shall retain him, if he is faithful and worthy, and pay him something."

If that was the custom, of course Mr. Goodwin could make no objections, though he was much disappointed. But he had labored hard to secure the place for his son, and he would not give it up now. He had strained his slender means to the utmost in doing what he had already taken upon himself, and he could do no more.

"Never mind, my son," the parent said, when he and his child were alone. "You have clothes enough to last you through the year, and you can get along without much more. Here is one dollar—it is all that I have over and above what I must use to get home with—that will find you in spending money for some time. But mind and be honest, my boy. Come home to me when you please, come in rags and filth, if it may be, but come with your truth and honor safe and untarnished."

The boy wiped a tear from his eye as he gave the promise, and the father felt assured. It was arranged that Gilbert should have two vacations during the year, of a week each; one in the Spring, and the other at Thanksgiving, and then the parent left.

On the following morning Gilbert Goodwin entered the store to commence his duties. He gazed around upon the wilderness of cloth, and wondered where the people were who should buy all this; but he was disturbed in his reverie by a spruce young clerk, who showed him where the watering-pot and broom were, and then informed him that his first duty in the morning was, to sprinkle and sweep the floor. So at it the boy went, and when this was done he was set at work carrying bundles of cloth up stairs, where a man was piling them away.

And so Gilbert's mercantile scholarship was commenced. For awhile he was homesick, but the men at the store only laughed at him, and ere long he got rid of the feeling. A month passed away, and at the end of that time his dollar was spent. He had broken it first to purchase a pocket-knife, which he could not well do without. That took half of it. Then he had attended a scientific lecture, for which he paid half of what was left, and the rest had dwindled away, until now he was without a penny. But he bore up for awhile. He saw that the boys in the neighboring stores had money to spend, but then he thought they had rich fathers. He knew that his father had nothing to spare. He knew that the generous parent had already burdened himself with more than he was really able to bear with comfort to himself; so he would not send to him. And yet it was unpleasant to be without money; to be in that great city, where there was so much for amusement and profit, without even a penny with which to purchase a moment of enjoyment, or a drop of extra comfort. No boy could be more faithful than was Gilbert in the store. The clerks and salesmen all loved him, and Mr. Phelps often congratulated himself upon having obtained so excellent an apprentice. He worked early and late—and he worked hard—performed more of real physical labor than any one else in the store, if we except the stout Irish porter.

Four months passed away, and then Mr. Goodwin came to the city to see his son. Gilbert possessed a keen, discriminating mind, and he knew that if he made complaint of his penury, his father would be unhappy; so he said nothing of it, but only professed to be very much pleased with his situation; and the parent shed tears of joy, when he heard the wealthy merchant praise his son.

"Is your dollar gone, Gilbert?" the father asked, before he started for home.

"Yes," said the boy, with a faint smile.

"Then I must give you another, for I suppose you need a little. Has Mr. Phelps given you anything?"

"No, sir. And I will not ask him, for I know his rule."

"That's right, my son. But take this. I wish I could make it more."

And so did Gilbert wish, but not for the world would he have said so. He too deeply appreciated all his father was doing for him to complain.

Mr. Goodwin returned home, and Gilbert once more had a little money; but it lasted not long. A dollar was a small sum for such a place. A portion of it he expended for a few small articles which he absolutely needed; then he attended a concert with his uncle's folks, and ere long his pocket was again empty. His position was now more unpleasant than before. There were a thousand simple things for which he wanted a little money. His little, bright-eyed cousins teased him for some slight tokens, and his older cousins wondered why he didn't attend any of the concerts and lectures.

One evening, after the store was closed, Gilbert stood upon the iron steps with the key in his hand—for he was now entrusted with that important implement—when he was joined by a lad named Baker, who held the same position in the adjoining store that Gilbert did in Mr. Phelps's.

"Say, Gil, going to the concert to-night?" asked Baker.

"No—I can't."

"Can't? Why not?"

"Why, to tell you the plain truth, Jim, I haven't got the money."

"Pooh! Come along. I'll pay the scot."

"But I don't wish to run in debt, Jim, for I may never pay you."

"Pay me? Who talked about paying? If *I* offer to pay, that's enough. Come along. It'll be a glorious concert."

"But I must go home and get some supper."

"No, go with me and get supper."

But Gilbert could not go without letting his aunt know, so Baker walked round that way with him. Then they went to the restaurant; here Baker paid for the supper. He had several bank-notes, and poor Gilbert gazed upon them with longing looks. O, if he could only have a little money. Say one dollar a week, or one dollar in two weeks, how much happier he could feel. As soon as they had eaten supper they went to the concert room, and Gilbert was charmed with the sweet music he heard. He fancied it had a noble influence upon him, and that it awoke more generous impulses in his soul. But alas! How can a man, or a youth, be over-generous, with an empty pocket always?

From this time, James Baker was Gilbert's firm friend, as the world goes. The latter told all his secrets to Jim, and in return he heard all his friend's.

"Say, Gil, how is it you never have any money?" Baker asked, as they were together one evening in front of the store after having locked up.

"Why," returned Gilbert with some hesitation, "to tell you the plain truth, my father is too poor. He has done enough for me now—more than he can well afford. He has never asked me to work on his farm, but he has sent me to school, and now he is paying my board while I learn to be a merchant. But my father is good, if he is poor."

"Of course he is," warmly replied Baker. "That's where you find your good hearts, among the poor. But don't you make the store pay you for taking care of it?"

"No, Mr. Phelps pays nothing the first year."

"Why, are you in earnest, Gil? Haven't you ever got any money for your hard work?"

"No, not a penny. Two dollars is all the money I have had since I have been here, and those my father gave me."

"Well, you're a moral improbability, a regular anomaly. Why, I make the store pay me something. Mind you—I don't call it stealing, for it isn't. My master receives the benefit of all my work, and I am entitled to something in return. He is rich, while I am poor. My hard work turns money into his till; and shall I dig and delve and lug my life away for nothing? No. When I want a little money, I take it. Did I take enough to squander, and waste, and gamble away, as some do, I should call it stealing; but I don't. Yet I must have something. How do you suppose our masters think we live without money? They don't think so; if they do they must be natural born fools. That's all I've got to say about it."

"But how do you do it?" asked Gilbert, tremulously.

"How? Why, sometimes I help myself to a few handkerchiefs which I sell; and sometimes I take a gentle peep at the drawer."

When Gilbert Goodwin went to his bed that night, there was a demon with him. The tempter had come! For a long time there had been a shadowy, misty form hovering about him, but not until now had it taken palpable shape. He allowed himself to reason on the subject, but not yet was his mind made up. On the following day he met young Baker again, and he learned that all the apprentices on the street did the same thing.

A week passed on, and during all that time Gilbert gave the tempter a home in his bosom. He daily pondered upon the amount of physical labor he performed. He saw all the others with money, and he wondered if any one could possibly get along without that circulating commodity. Finally the evil hour came. The constant companionship of young Baker had had its influence, and the shaft had struck its mark. A bright-eyed, lovely girl had asked Gilbert to carry her to an evening's entertainment. The boy loved that girl—loved her with the whole ardor of his youthful soul—and he could not refuse her. At noon he was left alone in the store. Several people came in—mostly tailors—and bought goods, paying the cash. Gilbert did not stop to consider—the spell was upon him—and he kept back a two-dollar bill. That afternoon he suffered much. He dared not look the clerks in the face, though he was sure that some of them did the same thing. In the evening, he accompanied his fair companion to the entertainment, and though he tried to be happy, yet he could not.

That night the boy slept, and while he slept he dreamed. His father and mother came to him all pale and sad, and told him he had disgraced them forever. "O, my boy, my own, loved boy, thou hast lost thy truth and honor forever!" So groaned the father. The sleeper started up, and for a moment he felt relieved when he found that he only dreamed; but quickly came the truth upon him—the truth of the day before, the terrible certainty of his theft—and he groaned in the agony of bowed and contrite heart. He started up from his bed and paced the floor. It was one long hour ere he stopped, and then he had resolved upon what course he would pursue. He remembered the oft repeated words of his father: "A sin concealed is a second sin committed." It was hard for him to make up his mind to the resolution he had taken, but when once the word had passed his lips, his soul was fixed.

On the following morning he entered the store as usual, and his duties were performed silently and sadly. The clerks asked him if he was sick, but he told them no. Towards the middle of the forenoon Mr. Phelps came in, and entered his counting-room. Gilbert watched him until he was alone, and then he moved towards the place. His heart beat wildly, and his face was pale as death, but he did not hesitate. He entered the counting-room and sank into a chair.

"Gilbert, what is the matter?" uttered the merchant, kindly.

The boy collected all his energies, and in a low, painful tone he answered:

"I have come to tell you that I can remain here no longer, sir. I—I—"

"What? Going to leave me?" uttered the merchant, in surprise, as the boy hesitated. "No, no, Gilbert. If you are sick, you shall have a good physician. I can't lose you now."

"Hear me, sir," resumed the boy, somewhat emboldened by his master's kind tone, but yet speaking in great pain. "O, I must tell you all, and I trust in your generous soul for pardon. But I cannot stay here. Listen, sir, and blame me as you will, but believe me not yet lost. My father is poor, too poor to keep me here. I have learned the ways of the city, and I have longed for some of those innocent, healthy amusements which I have seen my companions enjoying. For long weeks together, I have been without a penny in my pocket, and at such times I have felt much shame in view of my extreme poverty. My father has given me two dollars—one when he left me here, and one when he came to visit me. But what was that? Nearly all of it went for small articles which I absolutely needed. Lectures, concerts, and various other places of healthy entertainment, were visited by my companions, but I could not go. At length the fatal knowledge was mine, that others of my station had money for such things; money which they took from their employers without leave. I pondered upon it long and deeply; and in pondering I was lost. Yesterday I took—two—dollars—"

Here the poor boy burst into tears, but the merchant said not a word. In a few moments Gilbert resumed:

"You know the worst now. I took it, and a part of it I used last night—but, O, I want no more such hours of agony as I have passed since that time. Here is a dollar and a half, sir. Take it—and when I get home I will send you the rest. O, let me go, for I cannot stay where temptation haunts me. Away in the solitude of my father's farm, I shall not want the money I cannot have. You may tell me that I have had experience—but alas, that experience only tells me that while I remain here the tempter must be with me. I would not long for what I cannot possess. While I have wants and desires, the wish must be present to gratify them. Let me go, sir; but O, tell not my shame."

The boy stopped and bowed his head. The merchant gazed upon him awhile in silence, and during that time a variety of shades passed over his countenance.

"Gilbert," he said at length, in a low, kind tone, "you must not leave me. For a few moments I will forget the difference in our stations, and speak as plainly as you have spoken. I have been in the wrong, I freely confess. I should have known that temptation was thrown in your way—a temptation which should not be cast in the way of any person—much less in the way of an inexperienced youth. Since you have been to study frank, I will be equally so. Forgive me for the situation in which I placed you, and the past shall be forgotten. Until this moment I never thought seriously of this subject—I never before realized how direct was the temptation thus placed before the apprentices of our houses. But I see it all now. I know that to the boy who has no money, the pressure of the boon money and costly amusement must be too fearful a temptation for ordinary youths. But you shall not be tempted. From this moment I shall trust you implicitly—and I shall love you for your noble disposition and fine sense of honor. I shall not fear to trust you henceforth, for you shall have pecuniary recompense somewhat commensurate with the labor you perform. I have often blessed the hour that brought you to my store, for I have seen in you a valuable assistant, and if I have ever held a lingering doubt of your strict integrity I shall hold it no more, for it requires more strength of moral purpose to acknowledge, unasked, a crime, than it does to refrain from committing one. Never again will I accept the labor of any person without paying him for it, and then if he is dishonest no blame can attach to me. You will not leave me, Gilbert?"

The boy gazed up into his employer's face, but for awhile tears and sobs choked his utterance. Mr. Phelps drew him to his side, and laying his hand upon the youth's head, he resumed:

"If I blame you for this momentary departure from strict honesty, the love I bear you for your noble confession vastly more than wipes it all away. Henceforth you shall have enough for your wants, and when the year is up we will make an arrangement which can best please you. What say you—will you stay?"

"If—if—I only knew that you would never abhor me for this—"

"Stop, Gilbert—I have spoken to you the truth, and you need have no fear. I will pay you three dollars a week for your own instruction and amusement, and when you want clothes or other matters of like necessity, if you will speak to me you shall have them. All of the past is forgotten, save your many virtues, and henceforth I know you only for what you shall prove."

Gilbert tried in vain to tell his gratitude, but the merchant saw it all, and with tears in his own eyes he blessed the boy, and then bade him go about his work.

The year passed away, and then another boy came to take Gilbert's place, for the latter took his station in the counting room. But the new boy came not as boys had come before. The merchant promised to pay him so much per week, enough for all practical purposes—and then he felt that he should not be responsible for the boy's honesty.

At the age of seventeen Gilbert Goodwin took the place of one of the assistant book-keepers, and at the age of nineteen he took his place at the head of the counting-room, for to an aptness at figures and an untiring application to his duty, he added a strength of moral integrity, which made his services almost invaluable.

And now he has grown up to be a man, and the bright-eyed girl who was so intimately connected with that one dark hour of his life has been his wife for several years. He is still in the house of Mr. Phelps, and occupies the position of business partner, the old merchant having given up work, and now trusting all to his youthful associate. Gilbert Goodwin has seen many young men fall, and he has often shuddered in view of the wide road of temptation which is open to so many more; and he has made it one of the rules of his life, that he will have no persons in his employ to whom he cannot afford to pay a sum sufficient to remove them from inevitable temptation.

A MODEL PRIME MINISTER.

It is related of the Duke of Newcastle, who was Secretary of State for the Southern provinces (including the American colonies), during the French and Indian war, that he was profoundly ignorant of geography. Indeed, he was a regular ignoramus. When one of his secretaries hinted the necessity of some defense for Annapolis, he replied with his evasive, lisping ham: "Annapolis, Annapolis! O yes, Annapolis must be defended; where is Annapolis?" On another occasion at the beginning of the war, he was thrown into a great fright by the story that 30,000 French had marched from Arcadia to Cape Breton. "Where did they find transports?" was asked. "Transports!" cried he, "I tell you they marched by land." "By land to the island of Cape Breton?" "What, is Cape Breton an island? Are you sure of that?" And away he posted, with an "Egad, I'll go directly and tell the king that Cape Breton is an island!"—*Boston Journal.*

Jester's Picnic.

A sweet young lady, of the tender and sympathetic age of ten, on returning from church the other day, threw herself languidly upon a sofa, and exclaimed:

"Really, mama, I must decline attending church with you in future, unless we can obtain a different pew from that we occupy at present."

"Why so?" asked the astonished "parent."

"Because," replied the incipient coquette, "there is a person in the adjoining pew who stares at me like a pest; and I do assure you, my dearest mama, that I never gave him the slightest encouragement."

A clergyman in South Carolina was preaching on the disobedience of Jonah, when commanded to go and preach to the Ninevites. After expatiating on the consequences of disobedience to the divine commands, he exclaimed in a voice that passed through the congregation like an electric shock, "And are there any Jonahs here?" A negro present, whose name was Jonah, thinking himself called on, immediately arose, and turning up his white eye to the preacher, with the broadest grin and best bow, answered:

"Here be one, massa."

"Why do you not present yourself as a candidate for Congress?" asked a lady of her husband, who was confined with rheumatism.

"Why so, my dear?"

"Because," resumed the wife, "your language and actions are truly parliamentary. When bills are presented, you either order them to be laid on the table, or make a motion to rise, though out of order, you are supported by the chair; and often poke your nose into measures which are calculated to destroy the constitution."

Blitz had a bright little fellow on the stand to assist him in his "experiments."

"Sir," said the signor, "do you think I could put the twenty-five cent piece, which the lady holds, into your coat pocket?"

"No," said the boy, confidently.

"Think not?"

"I know you couldn't," said the little fellow, with great firmness.

"Why not?"

"'Cause the pocket is all torn out!"

A tall, slab-sided Yankee, who made his appearance at Cape May last summer, strolled down to the beach during bathing time. On seeing the bevy of beauties disporting in the waves, he burst into a fit of enthusiasm:

"Je-ru-sa-lem! if that don't remind me of something good we have at home."

"What is it?" remarked a friend, who heard him.

"What is it?" said Jonathan, smacking his lips. "Why, it's *'lasses and water!*"

George I., on a journey to Hanover, stopped at a village in Holland, and while the horses were getting ready, he asked for two eggs, for which he was charged two hundred florins.

"How is this?" said his majesty; "eggs must be very scarce in this place."

"Pardon me," said the host, "eggs are plenty enough, but kings are scarce."

The king smiled, and ordered the money to be paid.

When the subject of the pages' salary came up before the California House, it was proposed to fix the same at a certain sum per diem, whereupon a member from the interior arose, and asked to "have the matter fully explained before going any further. There had been a heap of *talk* about *retrenchin'* and *reform*, and he desired to know what was *much per diem* meant by the *week, or the month, or for the term?*"

Popping the Question.—There are various ways of doing this. One gentleman accomplished it as follows:

"Pray, ma'am, do you like buttered toast?"

"Yes, sir."

"Buttered on both sides?"

"Yes, sir."

"Pray, ma'am, will you marry me?"

"Yes, sir."

A very diminutive attorney, named Else, a man of very little reputation, once met Mr. Jekyll.

"Sir," said he, "I hear you have called me a pettifogging scoundrel. Have you done so, sir?"

"Sir!" replied Jekyll, with a look of contempt, "I never said you were a pettifogger or a scoundrel, but I said you were *little Else.*"

Somebody says that a young lady should always ask the four following questions before accepting the hand of any young man:

Is he honorable?
Is he kind of heart?
Can he support me comfortably?
Does he take a paper—and pay in advance?

Our young western poets are enthusiastic, but need a little polishing. Take the following from the opening of an ode to the moon:

"Thou pale resplendent orb,
Thou look'st like a huge cake
Of maple sugar."

"Sonny, who's your father?" "Mr. Jenkins." "What Jenkins?" "The Jenkins what kicked you yesterday for assaing our servant girl." Is is unnecessary to say the examination stopped there.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

AN ELEGANT, MORAL AND REFINED

Miscellaneous Family Journal,

devoted to polite literature, wit and humor, prose and poetic gems, and original tales, written expressly for the paper. In politics, and on all sectarian questions, it is strictly neutral; thereby making it emphatically

A PAPER FOR THE MILLION,

and a welcome visitor to the home circle. It contains the foreign and domestic news of the day, so condensed as to present the greatest possible amount of intelligence. No advertisements are admitted to the paper, thus offering the entire sheet, which is of

THE MAMMOTH SIZE,

for the instruction and amusement of the general reader. An unrivaled corps of contributors are regularly engaged, and every department is under the most finished and perfect system that experience can suggest, forming an

ORIGINAL PAPER.

The Flag is printed on fine white paper, with new and beautiful type, and contains 4200 square inches, being a large weekly paper of eight super-royal quarto pages.

TERMS:—INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

1 subscriber, one year, ... $2 00
4 subscribers, " " 7 00
10 " " " 15 00

Any person sending ten sixteen subscribers, at the last rate, shall receive the seventeenth copy gratis.

One copy of The Flag of our Union, and one copy of Ballou's Pictorial, when taken together, by one person, $4 00 per annum.

*** Travelling agents are not employed on this paper. Published every Saturday, by M. M. BALLOU, Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

WHOLESALE AGENTS.

S. French, 121 Nassau Street, New York; A. Winch, 135 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia; Henry Taylor, 111 Baltimore Street, Baltimore; A. C. Bagley, corner 4th and Sycamore sts. Cincinnati; J. A. Rose, 43 Woodward Avenue, Detroit; E. K. Woodward, corner 4th and Chestnut sts., St. Louis; Samuel Ringgold, Louisville, Ky.

Rose, Joslin & Tozier, 25 Clark St., Chicago, Illinois.